

The Outlook

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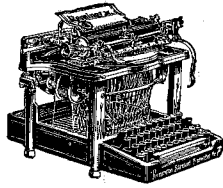
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The Outlook

SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1905

The Inaugural

The Spectator gives in another column an account of the picturesque scenes which accompanied the inauguration of Mr. Roosevelt as President of the United States. The cowboys, the Rough Riders, and the Filipino scouts lent to these proceedings a picturesque quality which has had no parallel in past inaugurations. The President's inaugural address was brief, and in its scope general, though not vague. Specific questions of state were not considered in it. The President declared that our unexampled prosperity should inspire us with gratitude toward God, not with a spirit of boastfulness or self-exaltation; that our greatness as a Nation involved great responsibilities toward other peoples, and the greatness of our wealth, great domestic responsibilities; that upon our success in solving the problem of free self-government the cause of freedom throughout the world in no small measure depends. But this is a reason not for fear, though for serious earnestness; and if we approach our problem in this spirit we have a right to the faith "that we shall not prove false to the memories of the men of the mighty past . . . that we shall be able to leave this heritage unwasted and enlarged to our children and our children's children." Without being a great address, it rings true, and will be inspirational to patriotic endeavor wherever it is read. The President enters upon his new term with the best wishes of the entire Nation, and with the political support, in his outlined plans and purposes, of a majority almost if not quite unexampled in American history.



Record of the
Fifty-eighth Congress

The last session of the Fifty-eighth Congress, which ceased to exist on March 4, was marked by an unusual number of disagreements between

the Senate and the House of Representatives, and by cross purposes between the President and both branches of Congress—each generally acting separately. In this way the interests of the country have suffered through a failure to obtain concurrent action. One of the most important measures before Congress was that for the reorganization of the machinery for constructing the Panama Canal and governing the Canal Zone. This great work is now being managed by a Commission that is topheavy, and the organization is inert. The importance of taking a new start has been increased by the project now finding favor among engineers to construct a sea-level canal, which may require \$230,000,000 of the public money. The House passed a bill on lines suggested by William H. Taft, the Secretary of War, who visited the Isthmus and studied the whole subject. The Senate refused to do anything which would disturb the present Commissioners in their \$12,000 positions, or increase the power of the President, in whom responsibility must finally be lodged. Hence the President is forced to continue the work under the organization provided under the old Spooner law, which has been condemned by experience. Congress acted with wisdom in providing a new tariff law for the Philippines and taking steps for the suppression of the opium traffic. But the bill providing for the free admission of Philippine imports into this country, with the exception of sugar and tobacco, which were to pay only twenty-five per cent. of the Dingley duty, got no further than a favorable report from the House Committee on Ways and Means. Indeed, Congress showed a manifest disposition to avoid any changes in the existing tariff or to advance the reciprocity idea. In the House an overwhelming sentiment was expressed against revision. The House followed

the President's recommendations by passing a bill which gave the Inter-State Commerce Commission the power to say when a rate is unreasonable and fix a lower rate which should go into effect practically at once, subject to a review by a Court of Commerce. This bill is opposed by powerful railroad influences. The Senate refused to take any action whatever, except to pass a resolution authorizing its Inter-State Commerce Committee to sit during the summer and take testimony. Thus this whole question is thrown over to the next Congress. The House showed an apparently anti-trust attitude in calling for a Standard Oil investigation; the Senate, so far as appeared, utterly lacked this sentiment. In this respect the House represents the people, the Senate represents special interests. The House restricted the expenses of the judges to \$5 a day. It impeached Judge Swayne, of the Northern District of Florida, for high crimes and misdemeanors, among them being that he charged larger hotel expenses than he incurred, and railroad fares when he rode on passes. Then it voted Congress \$130,000 mileage for the extra session when the travel had not been taken. The Senate struck out the mileage "grab" and acquitted Judge Swayne. The House passed a Pure Food Bill and the Senate refused to act. The question of admitting the Southwestern Territories as States was not settled, because of a disagreement between the House and Senate as to whether Arizona and New Mexico should be admitted as one State or two. The Senate killed the arbitration treaties by amending them so that the President did not feel justified in exchanging ratifications, and killed the reciprocity treaty with Newfoundland by deliberately amending it so that it would not be acceptable. The San Domingo treaty, which involves the whole question of our responsibilities under the Monroe Doctrine, was deferred by the Senate until the extra session which is now in progress. The President will probably call an extra session of the Fifty-ninth Congress in October. The President has reappointed his Cabinet, with the exception that Mr. Cortelyou is made Postmaster-General.

Great National Expenditures

Food for thought is furnished by a study of the total appropriations made by Congress at its last session. They aggregate the enormous total of \$818,478,914.81. Added to the total appropriations of the first session, a grand total of \$1,599,651,289.99 is found. It has not been many years since there was a great outcry because the appropriations of a single Congress reached a thousand millions, and the late Speaker Reed met it with the retort, "This is a billion-dollar country." But now the money which must be provided for the Government exceeds a billion and a half. An impressive comparison has been made of this great sum with that expended by the Fifty-fifth Congress, which was that which provided the money for the Spanish-American War. The total appropriations made by that Congress were almost thirty-one and a half millions less. When one considers that the naval estimate alone was cut about \$17,000,000 by this Congress, and that a public building bill carrying \$9,500,000 was only with difficulty smothered in the House, the need of a strong hand to check extravagant expenditure would seem to be apparent. Grave consideration is even now being given to the condition of the Treasury. There is a cash balance of \$140,000,000. This would appear on the surface to be ample to meet even larger appropriations. But Representative Charles E. Littlefield, of Maine, is responsible for the statement that the \$818,478,914 voted by Congress this year for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1906, is \$92,000,000 in excess of the estimated revenue. Some members of Congress think it wise deliberately to obscure the real condition of financial affairs. Mr. Hemenway, of Indiana, the day Congress adjourned in the House, made a statement of appropriations in which he made it appear that the actual money spent by this Congress was only \$697,000,000. He figured this out by not accounting for deficiencies and other items which are properly chargeable. At the same time Senator Allison, who believes in having the truth even if it is unwelcome, told the Senate that Congress has actually voted high-water mark ap-

propriations of more than \$818,000,000 at a single session. Should the next year witness a large falling off of customs revenues, which have been constantly and regularly decreasing, Congress may be forced to consider tariff revision in order to raise sufficient revenue to pay the running expenses of the Government. For it is a curious and suggestive fact that lowering the tariff on some objects would result in increasing the revenue.



Niggardliness The bill to increase the President's salary, to which we referred in *The Outlook* for January 21, has failed, although it apparently commanded an overwhelming majority in the House of Representatives, because at this late stage of the session its passage could be stopped by a single objector. The new Congress cannot constitutionally increase the salary of the President during the next four years, but it can and ought to provide for an increase in the President's salary after the present Presidential term has expired, and it ought to do much more. It ought to increase the salaries of the members of Congress, though of course that increase ought not to be operative during the session which makes the increase. It ought to increase the salaries of our Ministers abroad, who are so underpaid that it is impossible for them, on their salaries, to maintain a social condition which the dignity of the country demands. And it ought to increase the salaries of all the Federal Judges, from the District Judge up to the Supreme Court. The present salary of \$12,500 for Justices of the Supreme Court is wholly inadequate for the services which they are asked to render. We believe that Congressmen are under a misapprehension on this subject, produced by the vociferation of a few penny-wise and pound-foolish men who have little influence and can make a great deal of noise. If a joint committee of well-recognized men in the House and in the Senate were to agree in recommending an adequate increase of salaries for the President of the United States, the Federal Judges, the Foreign Ministers, and the members of Congress, we believe that the country

would ratify the action; and that any attempt to make political capital against the party responsible for such a policy would prove an ignominious failure. Americans are not niggardly, nor unwilling to give their public servants a rational compensation. Certainly, a frank, straightforward increase of the compensation awarded to public servants would be treated with a respect which cannot be accorded to the indirect attempt that was made in Congress to increase the compensation of Congressmen by awarding a constructive mileage for a constructive journey taken in the inappreciable instant of time which theoretically elapsed between the close of one session and the beginning of another. That the country was not subjected finally to the disgrace of this appropriation is due to the action of the Senate, which refused its sanction, and to the tardy recovery of sanity by the House, which receded from the appropriation.



**The Indian
School Question**

The following amendment relating to the expenditure of Indian tribal funds for denominational schools was added to the Indian Appropriation Bill as passed by the Senate last week :

That no portion of the funds appropriated by this act, nor the principal nor interest of any Indian trust or tribal funds held by the United States for the benefit of any Indian tribe, shall be available nor be expended for the support of any sectarian or denominational school; provided, however, that the individual owner or beneficiary of any interest in such fund, who may desire to educate his ward, child, or children in any school other than a Government school, may, by written order signed by him, direct that any portion of the interest accruing to him, *or which would be allotted to him* on such fund, be paid to the school in which such child or children may be educated.

The clause which we have italicized would have allowed the Indian Bureau to give to individual Indians such moneys, to be expended by them in denominational education, at their request, as would be allotted to the Indians, provided an allotment were to take place. In our judgment, so long as the Federal Government is the guardian and the Indian is the ward, the Government, not the Indian, should determine how the

money shall be expended; and so long as the Federal Government is the guardian, it should not allow the moneys of its wards to be divided among denominational schools, even at the request of the wards. A law which allows the Bureau to make such a division would be sure to subject both the Bureau and the Indians to more or less pressure from different denominations. This view seems to have been taken by the House of Representatives, for when the bill went into conference, the whole amendment as given above was stricken out, and the disposal of the Indian trust funds by the Executive was left unaffected by action of Congress. Whether the practice of paying out of the unallotted tribal funds money to denominational schools, at the request of individual Indians, will be continued we do not know, though we hope not; but we think there is reasonable assurance that under Mr. Leupp's administration no moneys will be paid out except those which on allotment would belong to the individual Indians, and only as the request is preferred by those individual Indians to whom the money if allotted would belong. This does not appear to us a satisfactory settlement of the question at issue, but it is a vast improvement on the practice which allowed tribal funds, as such, to be appropriated to denominational schools, on the petition of individual Indians, or even on the request of the entire tribe. We do not understand that the Lacey Bill, which provides for the allotment of tribal funds in severalty, has become law this session of Congress. We hope it may pass at the next session.



**Prevention of
Predatory Competition**

The last of the series of measures adopted by the State of Kansas in its contest with the Standard Oil Company will receive wide attention because of its bearing on the possibility of the control of monopolies generally. When the State Legislature appropriated \$410,000 for the establishment and operation of a State refinery as a branch of the penitentiary, in order to encourage independent refineries to enter the Kan-

sas field, it enacted laws to make pipe lines common carriers under the jurisdiction of the State Board of Railroad Commissioners, and to fix a maximum schedule of railroad freight rates on oil. Last week it supplemented these measures with the so-called anti-discrimination bill, designed to prevent the Standard Oil Company from stifling competition by temporary cutting of prices in various localities of the State. The evil which this law attempts to remedy is widely recognized by economists as one of the most vital in the whole trust problem. Thus, for instance, Professor J. B. Clark, of Columbia University, in his recent volume on "The Problem of Monopoly," remarks that "the difference between a régime of uniform prices and a régime of discriminating prices . . . makes the difference between freedom and oppression . . . and the difference between a sound economy and an unendurable one." He adds that if Federal laws, or laws made concurrently in the several States, made this predatory competition unsafe, "the local competitor might survive, and his survival would afford a guaranty against extortion." He concludes that "a régime of uniform charges would go far toward disarming monopolies." It is precisely the policy suggested by Professor Clark and other economists for trust regulation that Kansas is trying to carry out in the anti-discrimination law. The statute forbids any person, firm, or corporation to discriminate between localities in the selling price of goods, "after equalizing the distance from the point of production, manufacture, or distribution, and freight rates therefrom." If complaint is made to the State Charter Board that a corporation is violating the law, the Board is authorized to conduct an investigation, and if in its judgment the corporation has been guilty of unfair discrimination, it may revoke the charter of a domestic corporation or withdraw the permit of a foreign corporation to do business in the State. A penalty of a fine of \$1,000 is provided for every violation of the act, the sum to be collected by suit brought in a competent court by the Attorney-General of the State. If the law can be effectively enforced, and does not become

what Professor Clark has called "merely a pious wish," it ought to prove of great value in developing the potential competition that so often checks monopolistic exactions. Its operation will be watched with interest by persons throughout the country who are concerned with the possibility of the control of monopolies.



**The Primary Law of
North Dakota**

The movement toward the nomination of public officers by direct vote of the people and the abolition of the so-called convention system has received a stimulus by the passage of a primary law in North Dakota which has just been signed by Governor Sarles, and by the agitation in favor of primary election by the Legislatures of South Dakota and other Western States. North Dakota's primary law is the result of a compromise between the radical and conservative political forces of the State, the former favoring a sweeping provision which would include all State officers, and the latter a law which would exempt from its operation the Governor and most of the leading State officers. The compromise law covers city and county officers and members of the Legislature, but exempts judges and other State officers. To satisfy the radical forces, however, the conservative members of the Legislature consented to a provision by which delegates to the State convention will be elected by direct vote, thus doing away with county conventions. The North Dakota primary is a notable contrast to the new Wisconsin law which was approved by the people at the last election and will go into effect this fall. The Wisconsin law, which is largely the result of Senator Robert M. La Follette's labors, is perhaps the most sweeping primary law in the United States. It covers all State officers from the Governor down, except judges and the State Superintendent of Schools. A unique feature of the law is that it provides for the nomination of candidates for United States Senator by direct vote of the people. The supposition is that the candidate nominated by the people will be elected by the Legislature. This is about as near an approach to popular

election of United States Senators as can be made without the passage of an amendment to the United States Constitution. The Legislature of Minnesota, which was one of the first States to adopt a primary law, is in the midst of a vigorous debate as to the advisability of extending the law to all State officers. The Minnesota system, which is very similar to the one adopted by North Dakota, has worked in a fairly satisfactory manner, and there is strong sentiment in favor of extending it to cover the Governor, Attorney-General, Justices of the Supreme Court, and other State officers now nominated by State conventions. A unique plan is under consideration and will probably be adopted. This plan provides for the holding of State conventions and for the submission of the three candidates for each office receiving the largest votes to the people to be voted upon at the primary election held in September. This plan will prevent a multiplicity of candidates and will provide for the adoption of party platforms by representative conventions.



**A Foolish Piece of
Legislation**

The daily press reports an extraordinarily drastic anti-cigarette bill passed in Indiana, which forbids any person to manufacture, sell, or give away, or keep for sale, cigarettes, cigarette paper, or cigarette wrappers, or to be in any way concerned in owning or keeping cigarette paper or wrappers. The bill will probably be as ineffectual as such attempts to regulate the personal habits of the individual members of a State have always proved themselves to be in democratic communities. There is something to be said for the paternal theory of government, for the theory that the few wise men ought to control the lives and habits of the great mass of men, because the great mass of men are children and unable to control their own lives and habits; but we conceive that there is nothing to be said for the notion that a majority of the people are to perform paternal functions for the minority, and are to control their personal habits and actions. In other words, democracy and paternalism are absolutely incon-

sistent. It is entirely legitimate for a democratic community to exercise whatever authority may be necessary over great organizations, whether of labor or capital, to prevent them from violating the rights of the individual. This is something entirely different from exercising control over the personal habits of the individual which do not violate the rights of others, and from the injurious effects of which he is the chief if not the only sufferer. Such an act as this anti-cigarette law of Indiana does much more harm than it can possibly do good, for it tends to arouse the American spirit of independence against law, and so to promote the spirit of lawlessness.



School Lands in Oklahoma

The question of Statehood for Oklahoma has involved a subsidiary question, yet one of very great importance to the people of the Territory. This regards the control of the public lands reserved, when Oklahoma Territory was opened to settlement, by Congress for the use of the future State. In each township in Oklahoma two sections are held for the support of the common schools, one section for the maintenance of universities and colleges, and one section for the erection of public buildings when the Territory shall become a State. These lands aggregate more than two million acres, and may be increased by Congress. They have a present cash value in excess of twenty million dollars. The school and college sections are leased for grazing and agricultural purposes, and in the last sixteen years the common school fund has received close to two million dollars from this source. This aid in the maintenance of common schools was of great assistance to the pioneers of the new country, and the sentiment has grown rapidly that politics should not be permitted to enter into the control or disposition of these lands. So strong has this feeling become that the people are demanding that any legislative question affecting these lands shall be submitted first to a direct vote of the people for their approval or rejection. But a formidable danger has arisen in an offensive and defensive alliance of the

eight thousand persons who lease these lands from the Territory. As a class, they demand the sale of the lands at an appraised valuation, with the preference right of purchase to the occupant lessee. The appraisement, they insist, shall be on the basis of raw lands, without regard to improvements or the value of adjacent property. This would result in the sale of land worth \$20 an acre at from \$1 to \$3 an acre. The people of Oklahoma are undecided as to whether or not it would be best to sell the lands or to retain them indefinitely. They are groping for a solution of this perplexing problem, and are asking the advice and assistance of political economists and men of practical affairs in different States in devising a plan that would save this rich heritage from loss. The sale of such lands in other States, and the dissipation of the funds through bad management and official speculation, is a warning that inclines many to the policy of perpetual retention and the existence of a tenantry system that, possibly, might be vicious. In the bill which failed to pass the Congress just closed, the sale of these lands was provided for, and at first so as to meet the demand of the lessees, but in the Senate it was amended contrary to their wishes and with a provision for competition in the sale of the lands. It is evidently a matter of morality as well as of economy that the rights of the people in these school lands should not be ignored by Congress or lost by local political chicanery and intrigue.



Irrigation It is interesting to compare the connection of the municipal government with the New York City subway and the Federal Government's closer connection with the reclamation of arid lands in the West. The agitation maintained by the annual Irrigation Congresses finally resulted in the law of June 17, 1902, establishing a notable addition to our Government's work in applied science. The law is unique in that the money received from the sale of public lands is set aside for the survey and construction of irrigation works in thirteen States and three Territories. The fund is to be increased by gradual addi-

tions as other lands are disposed of. Last summer these proceeds had amounted to \$23,000,000, a sum now somewhat augmented, as the fund has increased by from four to six millions a year. The fund is being used in many parts of the West. As each particular project is completed its particular appropriation begins to go back and is added to the amount available for other projects elsewhere. There is no possibility of any excess, as Chief Engineer Newell, of the Reclamation Service, has projects under contemplation, in any one of several States, which could utilize all of the money in sight. No interest or profit is considered in building the irrigation works, so if the land is not all promptly taken up there is no additional charge against the fund; as a matter of fact, however, ten men seek homes to one that can be provided. The return of the Government's money expended on irrigation is cleverly safeguarded. In accordance with the law of 1902, associations of water users are formed in each locality where irrigation works are proposed and where any considerable area of private land is to be reclaimed. The law provides that the greater part of the reclamation fund shall be spent, if possible, in the State or Territory from which it originates, and that the water users shall return to the fund the cost of the construction of the works. The water users first agree that all assessments on water rights, including the charges by the Government, shall be a lien on the land of the shareholders, and then the water users' associations guarantee the payment of the charges assessed against the lands of its shareholders. Suppose a shareholder is worthy of confidence, but is unfortunate. His association advances enough to bridge over his period of misfortune. Suppose, however, the delinquent to be a rascal. The association enforces its own laws by selling as much of the delinquent's land as may be necessary to cover the water right charges. For each project the charge for water per acre is uniform. The amount paid is based, not on the total acreage, but on the irrigable area. There is no sinking fund, as the reclamation fund itself is to be utilized and the proceeds come back as

nearly as it is possible to estimate, the probable cost of reclamation being stated in advance. For instance, that on the Minidoka project in Idaho is \$26 an acre; if it should actually cost \$25 an acre, the Government would gain a dollar in the fund; if \$27, it would incur a corresponding loss. The relationship between the Federal undertaking and the States has not been fully established. In most of the Western States, however, the Government is the owner of from half to three-quarters of the area of the State. But in any case all relations are governed by contract; if no satisfactory contract can be made, reclamation work is not attempted. The main points of the whole scheme thus will provide not only for Government ownership and control of the reclamation system, but also for its ultimate management directly by the people themselves.



Some Examples of
Municipal Ownership
and Operation

Port Arthur and Fort William, two towns on the Canadian Pacific Railway on the northern shore of Lake Superior, are unique examples on this continent of combined municipal ownership and operation of several public services. Accounts of the present condition of those services have recently been published in Canadian journals, and are especially interesting at a time when the extension of municipal ownership and operation beyond the one service of water supply is so strongly opposed in this country. Port Arthur and Fort William are rival towns, only a few miles distant from each other, and their combined population is about 15,000. They own and operate the water supply, electric lighting, telephone, and street railway services. No other towns on this continent have even attempted four public services; but the accounts say that Port Arthur and Fort William have operated them successfully for several years, and that the present outlook does not favor any return to private ownership or operation. The telephone service of Fort William gives better results and has four times as many subscribers as the Bell Telephone Company. In cases where private companies have offered to supply electric lighting more

cheaply, the towns have refused such offer because municipal operation works well enough and there is a feeling of reluctance to become dependent upon a private corporation. It is worth noting that the street railway of Port Arthur is on a paying basis, and that the only deficit last year was a slight one in the returns of the Fort William municipal telephone system. It is pointed out that this policy has improved the tone of municipal politics and has induced an excellent class of men to devote their attention to local affairs, facts which more than counterbalance lower rates of service offered by private companies in some instances. Another conspicuous example of public construction and ownership is that of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway, which is built through the northern part of the province of Ontario, and will probably be extended to James Bay. This is the first commercial railway ever constructed by a State or provincial government on this continent. Cincinnati built a railway some years ago, and the National Government has one at the Indian Head proving-grounds. The Dominion Government also built the Intercolonial Railway, but this was chiefly for political reasons.



New York Street Regulation

The adoption of the plan for the control of traffic in the streets of New York at crowded points like Union Square, Madison Square, and Columbus Circle has instantly justified itself, and people are now asking why the old anarchy, inconvenient alike to pedestrians and drivers, was tolerated so long. New York has done at a late date what many foreign cities have been doing for years past. Not only has the convenience of wheel and foot been greatly benefited by the change, but the increase of safety to life and limb is quite incalculable. The police are handling the situation admirably, and their presence and the direction of traffic under their orders give one a sense, usually lacking in New York, of some authority which is caring for the lives and property of the citizens. This kind of regulation ought to be extended in a number of directions. The Outlook

ventures to make one suggestion for immediate consideration, and that is, the reservation for passenger traffic of the streets on which the crosstown cars run. The delays on Eighth, Fourteenth, Twenty-third, Thirty-fourth, and Forty-second Streets, for example, after a heavy snow are not only extremely vexatious but involve serious loss to many persons, and are unnecessary. Carts and vehicles of all kinds use the car tracks, and the cars are able to move only at the pace set by the slowest vehicle. Trains are lost, engagements missed, and working time seriously diminished in consequence; tens of thousands of people are unnecessarily inconvenienced. If these streets were the only avenues between the two rivers, the case would be different, but other streets are equally available for transportation of lumber, coal, and supplies of every sort, and the streets used by the crosstown cars ought to be set apart after heavy snows for their especial use. This is an entirely practicable plan, involving no expense, and can be operated at once. The Outlook urges it upon Commissioner McAdoo.



A Russian Manifesto

What the Russian people mean grows more clear from day to day; what the Czar means is as uncertain as at the beginning of the present disturbances. Last week he made two official announcements. The first was a manifesto calling upon the Russian people to rally about the throne and defend it against a domestic enemy. It declared that an inscrutable Providence had visited the Fatherland with heavy trials; that a bloody war in the Far East, made necessary by the honor of Russia and command of the Pacific Ocean, imposed a great strain on Russia; and that, while Russians were fighting with self-sacrificing bravery, disturbances had broken out in the country itself. "Blinded by pride, evil-minded leaders of the revolutionary movement make isolated attacks on the Holy Orthodox Church and the lawfully established policies of the Russian State, thinking that by severing the natural connection with the past they will destroy the existing order of State." The death of the

Grand Duke Sergius, who, the Emperor says, was "ardently loved" in the capital of the Empire, shocked the national feeling. "With the help of the prayers of the Holy Orthodox Church and under the banner of the autocratic might of the Czar, Russia has passed through many great wars and disturbances, always issuing from her troubles with fresh and unbending strength." The Czar appeals to all right-minded people to join him in the great task of overcoming a foreign foe and subduing a revolt at home, and invokes the blessing of God on those in authority and "on the laws, power, the faith, strength to the consolidation of the autocracy and welfare of our subjects."



An Imperial Rescript

This was interpreted as a new and more uncompromising statement of the autocratic principle; but no sooner was it issued than it was followed by a rescript addressed to the Minister of the Interior which seems to involve a direct contradiction to the manifesto. Beginning with an expression of thanks for the congratulation of public bodies upon the birth of an heir, the Czar declares that it is his desire to achieve the fulfillment of his intentions for the welfare of the people by means of the co-operation of the Government with the experienced forces of the community. "I am resolved," he says, "henceforth, with the help of God, to convene the worthiest men, possessing the confidence of the people and elected by them, to participate in the elaboration and construction of legislative measures:"

Taking into consideration the peculiar circumstances of the Fatherland, the multiplicity of its races, and in certain parts of the country the weak development of citizenship, the Russian rulers in their wisdom instituted reforms in accordance with their mature requirements, but only in logical sequence, at the same time considering the continuation of firm historical ties with the past as a pledge for the durability and stability of the present. In undertaking these reforms I am convinced that the local needs, experience of life, and the well-weighed and sincere speech of those elected will assure fruitfulness to the legislators for the real benefit of the people. At the same time I foresee all the complexity of the difficulty presented in the elaboration of reform while preserving absolutely the

immutability of the fundamental laws of the Empire.



The Onward Movement

Whether these two documents, so apparently contradictory in terms, register two different states of mind and reveal the control of two different groups of influence, or whether they are to be interpreted, the first as a formal declaration of the Czar's determination to maintain the integrity of the sovereignty, and the second to broaden the base of the Government by taking the Russian people into his counsel, cannot be decided at this moment. Russia knows no more of the real mind of the Czar than she knew before. So far as his intention is concerned, everything will depend on the character of the men whom he proposes to call into the new council, and the authority with which he is willing to clothe them; but so far as Russia is concerned, while such a council may be convened by the authority of the Czar, the Czar may not be able to control it after it meets, and may, without intention, furnish the channel through which the rising tide of popular aspiration and passion for freedom may find lawful course and normal direction. What is certain is that all Russia is penetrated with Liberal sentiment, that the Revolutionary party is thoroughly organized, and that if reform is not permitted along legitimate paths there is great danger that a reign of violence will follow, and that what cannot be gained by methods of peace will be wrung from the Czar by methods of war. The events of the immediate future are uncertain; the movement in Russia is unmistakable.



The Advance on Mukden

The series of battles of last week and this in Manchuria, in extent, fatalities, and importance, is comparable in this war only with the two other periods of long-continued fighting which collectively constituted the battles of Liaoyang and of the Shakhe. The Japanese seized upon that inter-season period when the fierce winter cold has subsided and the spring rains have not yet made the roads impassable to push a general attack upon

the Russian position, with the intention of driving the latter back northward from Mukden to the Tie Pass, which General Kuropatkin is believed to have fortified strongly. Far more important, and more difficult, is the Japanese attempt to divide and cut off one portion of the enemy's army—a feat which was nearly accomplished at Liaoyang. But Kuropatkin is masterly in handling a retreat, and as we write the indications are that his forces and their enormous supply trains are already pouring northward, and supporting the movement by a continuous desperate rear action. The number of men engaged in the gigantic struggle can hardly be less than 700,000, and a correspondent of the London "Times" on Monday of this week estimated the casualties as about 100,000. The Japanese attack was at first strongest on the east flank of the long lines in which the two armies have been encamped in winter quarters north and south of the Shakhe, which here flows almost straightly from east to west. The Russians evidently believed that the Japanese serious intention was to outflank them at the east, but soon the attack pressed hard also upon the center and the west. Two or three minor passes fell into the hands of the Japanese after they had crossed the river, but the Russians maintained a strong resistance at Lone Tree Hill, which had been heavily fortified, and there held back the enemy for a long time. At the extreme west General Nogi's army, after a wonderful, rapid march around the western flank of the Russians, made rush after rush, shouting, it is said, "We are the men from Port Arthur," and on Monday of this week General Nogi reported that he held a position on high ground only four miles southwest of Mukden. It is alleged that Nogi's march and the seizure of Sinmintien, a town of some importance a few miles northwest of Mukden, violated Chinese neutrality, but the Japanese assert that Russia has been occupying precisely this territory. Night attacks and heavy artillery firing have been noteworthy features of the Japanese attack. St. Petersburg advices at this writing indicate a belief there that Mukden must be

abandoned.—The result of the North Sea Commission has been quietly received by the press of Russia and Great Britain; the former expresses some disappointment, the latter satisfaction though not elation. The Commission entirely rejected the assertion that Japanese torpedo-boats were near the fishing fleet, and declined to entertain the theory that in war time naval vessels are at liberty to fire at anything they deem suspicious (good law—for pirates, some one has said), but, on the other hand, did not denounce the Russian action as criminally reckless, as many had hoped it would do, and credited Admiral Rojesvsky personally with proper conduct.



Hungarian Affairs

The recent reception of Francis Kossuth by the Emperor Francis Joseph, at the Vienna Hofburg, emphasizes anew that unswerving loyalty towards Hungary which her King has shown ever since the present dualistic basis of the monarchy was established. The will of the nation at the last election has vindicated the policy of the leader of the Independence party, and Francis Joseph will give heed to the counsels of the hitherto irreconcilable opponent of all that the constructive statesmanship of Francis Deák, the great Liberal leader and the author of the compromise of 1867, accomplished. Whether Kossuth will join the new Andrassy cabinet or not, there can be no doubt that his influence on the deliberations of the new Diet will be weighty, and it is probable that, as the result of his interview with Francis Joseph, he will give renewed evidence of that sobering sense of responsibility that has before this, as in the case of the elder Andrassy, attended the conversion of revolutionists into trusted advisers of kings. The new Ministry has a thorny road before it. The Government relies for its working majority in the new Diet, which is to assemble on the 17th, on the cohesion of the conflicting elements that have brought about the fall of the Tisza Ministry. The programme of the Kossuth party, now that the economic and political independence of Hungary is pronounced by its leader as not incompatible

with faithful allegiance to the dynasty, will not be easy to translate into practice, and is certain to encounter the violent opposition of the radical wing of the Independents. If the self-seeking and erratic Count Apponyi is passed over in the construction of the new Cabinet, he is likely to prove a disturbing factor in the situation, while the Clericals will surely bring problems to the front held in only temporary abeyance during the past crisis. The nation has decided to uphold the letter rather than the spirit of the Constitution invoked by Count Tisza as the chief tenet of his political creed; but the troublesome questions of parliamentary procedure will again press for solution, and the practical problem of a renewal of the fiscal arrangement with Cisleithania, as well as the expediency of a separate customs territory for Hungary, will have to be dealt with by the Ministry. Count Julius Andrassy, it is true, inherits the prestige of a great name; but so did Count Tisza, who, when he assumed office in October, 1903, was hailed as the "strong man of the hour," but who has succumbed to the relentless tactics of the obstructionists, as did before him Count Khuen-Héderváry, and his able predecessor Koloman Széll.



**A Lutheran
Cathedral**

The dedication of a Lutheran Cathedral is an event of considerable interest. It is probably the only Protestant cathedral outside the Episcopal Church which has been dedicated for many years, the cathedrals now held by non-Catholic and non-Episcopal bodies having come into possession of the churches which hold them, as a rule, from the Catholic Church. This is true of the cathedrals held by the Presbyterians in Scotland and by the Protestant bodies in Holland and Germany. The new cathedral of Berlin stands in an open square near the Thiergarten. It is 341 feet in length, with a cupola which rises to a height of 325 feet. There are two bell towers of 211 feet in height. The structure is of yellow sandstone, and marbles of various sorts are used for the pillars. The cathedral covers a large area, with gal-

leries for the Court, organ, choir, the Cabinet Ministers, and diplomats. The various crypts are to be used as a Pantheon, there are chapels, and there is a church for marriages and christenings. To the service of dedication the Emperor, who has taken very great interest in the structure, invited all the Protestant churches to take part, his design being to make the Berlin Cathedral a universal church for all Protestants as St. Peter's is a universal church for all Roman Catholics. "We are not building a church," he said, "for the province of Brandenburg, nor for Prussia, nor even for all Germany; but a cathedral for the Protestants of the world. I should like Protestants everywhere to feel that they have an interest in this building, have pride in it, and feel welcome here of right." The services of dedication on Tuesday of last week were extremely simple, but are represented as having been very stately and impressive. The nave was filled with officials in brilliant uniforms, the Ambassadors and their families being represented in full force. The clergy of many churches were in attendance, including the English Bishop of Ripon, Scandinavian preachers, Swiss ministers, and Americans, among the latter being Professor Francis Brown, of Union Theological Seminary, the Rev. Dr. Prugh, of Grace Reformed Church, Pittsburg, the Rev. J. J. Heischmann, of St. Peter's Evangelical Lutheran German Church, Brooklyn, and the Rev. Dr. Dickie, pastor of the American Church in Berlin. The Emperor and Empress, Prince Arthur of Connaught, Prince Frederick of Denmark, with thirty-two princes and princesses of the German States, attended by heralds in brilliant costume, filled the gallery opposite the altar. A special place was reserved for Dr. Luther, one of the last descendants of Martin Luther. The ceremony of dedication, which was announced by the ringing of bells in all the Protestant churches of Berlin, was begun by the Emperor, standing in the wide vestibule, taking a key from the chairman of the building commission and handing it to the chief court preacher, who opened the principal door into the auditorium. Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus" was

played while the Imperial company ascended to the reserved gallery. This was followed by a simple service of prayer, reading from the Bible, and chanting. Dr. Dryander, the chief court preacher, in his address laid particular emphasis on the presence of Protestant delegates from all parts of the country, and spoke of the message from the American clergy, which was in the form of a letter to the Emperor signed by Bishops Potter, Whitaker, and Lawrence, of the Episcopal Church, President Faunce, of the Baptist Church, Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, of Union Theological Seminary, and two representative American Evangelical Lutheran preachers. In the afternoon the Emperor received the American delegates with special cordiality, declaring that he was much gratified by their presence and the cordial relations existing between the two countries, and the delegates were also the guests of the Emperor at the palace in the evening. Every effort was made to give expression to the cordial feeling entertained by the German Government towards this country.



The Broadway Tabernacle

The dedication this week of the new Broadway Tabernacle on the corner of Fifty-sixth Street recalls the beginning of a new era of religious life in New York. About seventy-five years ago that great evangelist Charles G. Finney came here, and a religious revival began as it had begun wherever he went. Some seven new churches were consequently organized, for one of which the old Broadway Tabernacle was built from Mr. Finney's plans, and he became its pastor. Subsequently to his removal a reorganization as a Congregational church was effected in 1840. The middle third of the last century was a period of struggle for moral reform and progress, for the rights of the oppressed, for freedom of thought and speech. From its foundation the Tabernacle was a standard-bearer in this struggle, not always inviolate by the mob. In 1838 an anti-slavery society was formed there, in which eighty-three members of the church were included. But in 1857 it was com-

pelled to follow the procession of churches uptown from its location below Canal Street, after twenty-two churches south of it had moved away. Its new home on the corner of Thirty-fourth Street, occupied in 1859, soon gained the name of "Liberty Corner," such was the enthusiasm which made it, as Dr. Thompson, the pastor, said, "a rallying ground for liberty and union." Twenty-five of the congregation enlisted in the army, among them Dr. Thompson's eldest son. Dr. Thompson made long tours in aid of the Sanitary Commission and the Christian Commission. In the darkest period of the war \$30,000 was subscribed on one Sunday for a church regiment. After this period of storm and stress the energy of the church turned, during the twenty years' pastorate of Dr. Taylor, into the field of charity, especially in the promotion of missions, to which in that period it contributed half a million dollars. The Tabernacle has been fortunate in its pastors. Crowds attended the ministry of its first pastor, the Rev. E. W. Andrews. The brilliant scholarship and eloquence of Dr. Thompson, the massive force and intensity of Dr. Taylor, were carried in their numerous writings through the churches and across the sea. Right generously were they treated by the church. At the end of Dr. Thompson's long pastorate \$55,000 was bestowed on him as a parting gift. At the beginning of Dr. Taylor's pastorate a twenty-year endowment policy for \$25,000 was taken out for him, the church undertaking payment of the premiums. Among the memorabilia of this brief but brilliant record is the birth of the "Independent" in 1848, a child of the Tabernacle. In promoting this Dr. Thompson took the leading part, "that," as his fellow-editor, Dr. Bacon, wrote, "he might teach the Church morality, that he might make it aggressive against sin."



The Dedication Month

Business conditions made the site at the corner of Thirty-fourth Street and Broadway impossible, and this week the church is entering in its new edifice about a mile further north. An elaborate programme, covering all the

Sundays, Wednesdays, and Fridays of March, evidently contemplates a thoughtful and resolute girding of Christian minds and hearts for an expanding activity and influence of the church in its new home. The Sundays are devoted to the consecration of the church successively to the Worship of God, to the cause of Patriotism, to the cause of Education, and to the cause of world-wide Missions. These subjects carry a large variety of topics for the three services of each day. The dedication of the Taylor Chapel and of the Bible School hall occupy the first two Wednesday evenings; the remaining three are given to the work of women, of church societies and clubs, and of laymen. The Friday evenings, besides social meetings, are assigned to Temperance Reform, the New Evangelism, and Civic Righteousness. The first Monday of March is set apart as "Ministers' Day" for addresses to Congregational pastors on Christian leadership; and special services are assigned to the Thursdays in Lent, the entire series closing with daily observances in Holy Week. A programme of such cumulative interest is rarely seen, and the long list of speakers includes many men of mark. Under such hopeful auspices the old leadership may be looked for in the new house. The house itself is not only new, but in appearance novel, having had to be designed for the maximum of accommodation in a relatively small and irregular space. At first glance it suggests the idea of a small cathedral. Its commanding feature is its massive, eight-storied, many-roomed tower; the auditorium seats 1,500 people; underneath is a large lecture hall; near the portal is a small side-chapel named for Dr. Thompson.



The Tuskegee
Conference

The fourteenth annual meeting of the Tuskegee Negro Conference made a good report of progress along the line which from the first has been insisted on by Dr. Washington. In his opening address he emphasized the need of economic independence as a condition both of social respect and of self-respect, and as an aid to moral and religious life. Calm and confident perseverance in this

line, with faith in the capacities of their race, he held to be essential. The discussions of the day, beginning with land ownership, covered the subject of agricultural and domestic industry and economy, together with the improvement of schools, churches, and ministers. Many testimonies were given by individuals who had struggled up from abject poverty to independence and comfort. The summing up put on record the full accord of the Conference with Dr. Washington's programme, pointed to a multitude of negro farm-owners and taxpayers as evidence of larger possibilities, and dwelt upon the almost entire disappearance of lynching for the past four months as "due largely to the co-operation of the races in creating public sentiment in favor of law and order." The Workers' Conference on the next day continued the discussion concerning schools, which seemed to be the point of deepest interest. The most encouraging conditions seemed to be in Virginia and Texas. In Mississippi, Louisiana, and Arkansas large planters were reported as supporting schools to secure the contentment of their laborers. In many places school terms were still too short, and the teaching inferior. While the proposition to divide school funds between the races in proportion to the taxes paid by each had been defeated in two States, there was a general agreement that the funds were not being apportioned according to law. Reliance for the correction of this wrong was placed on endeavors to educate public sentiment, but readiness was expressed to supplement the public money meanwhile by private subscription, with an earnest purpose to better the schools as rapidly as possible. The attendance at both Conferences was large. Some thirty States were represented.



Mrs. Leland Stanford The mystery surrounding the death of Mrs. Stanford, widow of ex-United States Senator Leland Stanford, in Honolulu last week has not yet been dispelled. There have been grave suspicions that Mrs. Stanford was poisoned; but doubt has been thrown upon this explanation of her death, and no opinion can be

formed until the facts have been ascertained. Mrs. Stanford was a woman of unusual force of character who had the opportunity of managing a large fortune and of dealing as a founder with an important institution of learning. Senator Stanford made a great fortune, largely in the Central Pacific Railroad. He entered politics, became Governor of California, and later United States Senator. He was serving a second term in the Senate when he died. He left his entire estate to Mrs. Stanford in order to carry out a plan which they had devised for the organization of a university as a memorial of a gifted and promising son who died at the age of sixteen. After the death of her husband Mrs. Stanford gave her entire time and all her means to carrying out this plan. The University was chartered in 1887, opened its doors for students in 1891, and has now enrolled 1,462 students and a faculty of 113. The property conveyed by the deed of gift, which to a certain extent marked out the lines along which the University should be managed, was valued at \$30,000,000. Soon after Senator Stanford's death an action was brought by the Government against his estate for \$15,000,000, growing out of questions relating to the construction of the Central Pacific Railroad, and while this suit was pending Mrs. Stanford was allowed \$10,000 a month for personal expenses. She declared that she was familiar with poverty, that she could live on \$100 a month, and she gave the balance of the allowance to the University. She was willing at the same time to sell all her jewels and to make any personal sacrifice. Inspired by her spirit, the Faculty of the University bravely faced the conditions, cut down running expenses, accepted greatly diminished salaries, and passed safely through the crisis. This is one of those stories in which American education is rich, which testify to the passion for knowledge among Americans and prove their willingness to make great sacrifices for it. The University passed through another crisis at the time of the removal of Professor Ross, when *The Outlook* did not hesitate to express its opinion very frankly in regard to the circumstances

under which the removal was made. Professor Ross's retirement was followed by that of several of his colleagues, and the reputation of the institution was for the time seriously impaired. In the judgment of *The Outlook*, President Jordan pursued a mistaken policy at that time; but he is a man of great ability, he has a magnificent opportunity, and he is now in a position to fulfill the highest expectations of those who are agreed that so great a foundation should rest securely on thoroughness of academic work and freedom of academic teaching.



Breaking the Crust of Custom

A battalion of the Salvation Army heading a column of Boston Congregationalists a thousand strong, with Unitarians, Episcopalians, Baptists, and Methodists in company, was a new thing to see in old Boston last week. Especially new was the object of that night march, to gather into a gospel meeting the street loafers, the saloon tipplers, the flotsam and jetsam of the city. They were gathered in that night, and fifty of them went into the subsequent meeting of those whose hearts were touched. What Dr. Dawson persuaded his highly conservative church in London to do, he has induced Bostonians to do, with the same preliminary misgiving, in each case, and the same hearty resolution to follow up in small squads the strong beginning. The religious life of the churches has been profoundly stirred. It is evident that they are heartily accepting Dr. Dawson's leadership in efforts to revive the primitive enthusiasm of the Apostolic days. The sanity of his enthusiasm is recognized by the resolution unanimously adopted by the Unitarian ministers of Boston declaring their "sympathy with the spiritual purpose of the New Evangelism," and invoking "a blessing on his endeavor to rekindle a genuine religious experience in the churches." Such a submergence of the reefs of controversy indicates a general rising of the spiritual tide. Dr. Dawson's meetings have been crowded. Faneuil Hall, the old "cradle of liberty," was opened for him. The rising tide appears to have broken up the crust of

religious custom that iced the shores, and to have merged in one the separate pools of theologians. From Boston Dr. Dawson has gone this week to Brooklyn, New York.



Reform Indorsed

The capital city of Pennsylvania has in the past three years attracted attention out of all proportion to its population by reason of the concrete plan of improvement proposed for it by the Municipal League of Harrisburg, and authorized by the votes at the spring election of 1902, in agreeing to the necessary loan. At the same time a reform administration was elected, which, under the leadership of Mayor Vance C. McCormick, has carried forward the scheme of improvement without a check, and with a smaller increase of taxation than was promised. As the Constitution of Pennsylvania prevents the re-election of the mayors of its cities for a second term, the broad question of whether or not Harrisburg would sustain its onward movement was before the voters in the mayoralty contest of February 21. The Democratic predecessor of Mayor McCormick, a man whose personal bad character and vicious municipal methods had been brought out in a reluctant councilmanic investigation, had been for the whole three years preparing a canvass for the mayoralty, based upon an "open" town, with full collusion with all the forces of evil; the situation was serious. The Republican candidate in opposition to Dr. Fritchey was E. Z. Gross, a man of personally irreproachable character but somewhat passive civic reputation. After a fight which brought out the largest vote in the city's history, he was elected by a majority of 856, both the Democratic and the Republican machines being either actively or passively opposed to him, while Mayor McCormick, himself a Democrat, earnestly supported him.



Two More Provinces for Canada

Tuesday of last week will be historic in Canada. On that occasion Sir Wilfrid Laurier introduced his famous measure for the autonomy of

two new provinces in the west. These will be named Saskatchewan, with Regina as capital, and Alberta, with Edmonton as provisional capital. Saskatchewan will include the territories of Saskatchewan, Assiniboia, and one-half of Athabasca, and Alberta the territory of Alberta and the remainder of Athabasca. The entire area of the two provinces is 550,345 square miles, and it extends from Manitoba west to the 110th meridian, and from the United States boundary to 60 north latitude. The population of each province is reckoned at 250,000, and is rapidly increasing. The Dominion Government will retain control of the public lands, but will make very liberal allowances to the provinces. Thus far it is believed that all will be fairly satisfactory, but in the settlement of the school question a great difficulty will be encountered. The territories hitherto have had separate schools, and for the retention of these Sir Wilfrid's measure makes provision. Here will be the great bone of contention. Some years ago The Outlook outlined the long and bitter yet successful conflict in Manitoba for a united educational system, and it is possible that the old battle may be fought over again, but on new ground. Reasons are even stronger why a single system should prevail in the new provinces, where distances are greater and nationalities are more marked.



Ash Wednesday

The first day of the Lenten season commemorates the disappearance of the Christ into the desert and the beginning of his testing by temptation; it ought also to mark his reappearing in places which have forgotten him; in churches in which the repetition of his name no longer evokes the image of his person; in the hearts of those who, professing to love and follow him, live as if he had never spent his forty days' vigil in loneliness and searching of heart that he might be forever the Saviour of all who are tempted or have fallen. In great mills and factories men are killed from time to time, and the roar of machinery does not stop, nor is the tumult hushed, while the cov-

ered figure of the dead is carried out; it seems at times as if men were fed to the great, terrible engines like the other material which they transform for a thousand uses. In like manner men go down in the immense activity of the modern world and are lost out of sight in ruin and disgrace, and there comes no sudden silence, no moment's hush, while the dead are carried out and hidden away from the sight of their fellows. The record of those who have succumbed to moral peril is often longer in the morning newspaper than the record of those who have fallen by physical disease; but the columns on either side the melancholy story of faith betrayed, honor forgotten, loyalty disowned, pulsate with the rushing vitality and throb with the tumultuous energy of the age. Men are barely able to take time to bury their friends; they can hardly be expected to sit in silence and sorrow about the forms of those who have died to honor, trust, and love!

In these disasters, nevertheless, lies the real tragedy of life; they are the signs and evidences of the failure of civilization; they affirm and reaffirm the great and terrible truth that, in the vast fellowship of modern activity, men are still in danger as imminent and deadly as in the older days when they were less obviously bound together. The tumult may deaden our horror of the death which follows close upon sin, but that death is as real, as terrible, as solitary as of old. Our machines, our inventive genius, our vast works, our mounting wealth, avail us nothing in the great testing of life; every man fights the battle for his soul alone, and stands or falls in solitude. There is but one who can really stand with him, hand in hand and heart to heart, in the hour when evil approaches in the old disguises, and temptation confronts him with its various and well-worn allurements. The old struggle still waits for every son of man and the old peril is on every path; but there is one who has met the peril and overcome the temptation; the brother in temptation of all who stand in jeopardy of their souls, the helper of all who cry to him when the solitary hour comes in which every man is tested as by fire.

The Arbitration Treaties A Chapter of History

Preparation. In the eighteenth century, the Abbé St. Pierre proposed a general league of Christendom as a means for settlement of international disputes, of which Rousseau says, "It failed because it was madness in its author to be wise, when the majority of people were fools." Nearly a century later, Jeremy Bentham in England and Immanuel Kant in Germany proposed an International Congress for the adjustment of international difficulties. Impracticable prophets both were considered. In 1835 the American Peace Society presented a petition to the Senate of Massachusetts for a standing court of nations. Their example was followed by Maine and Vermont. It was subsequently indorsed by the Legislatures both of Massachusetts and of Vermont, but when brought before the United States Senate, first in 1837 and again in 1839, the conservative traditions of that august body prevailed and it was pronounced "premature."

This pronouncement did not stop the progress toward the organization of a supreme court of the civilized nations, but it transferred the honor of being the one to propose such a court from the American Republic to the British Empire, where in 1873 a resolution in favor of a permanent system for the peaceful settlement of international difficulties was carried in the House of Commons by a small majority. Taking courage from this example of its conservative kinsfolk across the sea, the United States House of Representatives passed a similar resolution a year later. Almost simultaneously, analogous resolutions were passed by the Italian, the Dutch, and the Belgian Chambers, and these were followed by conferences eventually resulting in the organization of the International Parliamentary Union, whose meeting in America last fall will be recalled by our readers. Thus public sentiment had been forming and gradually crystallizing in favor not merely of international arbitration, but of what is quite different, the establishment of a

permanent court, to be recognized by the nations of the earth as a tribunal to which their controversies are to be, as matter of course, submitted for judicial settlement.

Provision. In May, 1899, a Conference of nations was convened at The Hague, at the suggestion of the Czar, not for the specific purpose of constituting such a court, but for the purpose of putting an end to the progressive development of armaments, and taking whatever measures might be deemed best to promote the maintenance of general peace as the ideal toward which the endeavors of all governments should be directed. Among the means proposed to this end was suggested in the call "the employment of good offices of mediation and facultative arbitration in cases lending themselves thereto." It was not until after the Conference convened that the plan for forming a permanent court of arbitration was definitely formulated and presented. "It formed from the first," says Mr. Frederick W. Holls, whose monograph is the authoritative history of this Conference, "the keystone of the proposals formulated and presented on behalf of the United States, and almost from the moment of their arrival at The Hague the American representatives declared that the realization of this idea was their chief object at the Conference."

This idea was pressed upon the Conference with equal earnestness by the delegates of the United States and by those of Great Britain. It appealed from the first to the imagination and the sympathies of the American Republic. Telegrams and letters were sent from this side in great numbers, "which," says Mr. Holls, "not only upheld the hands of the American Commission, but also made a more or less profound impression upon the members of the Conference from other countries, who regarded the interest of the great New World Power of the West in the cause of peace and arbitration as a most significant and important sign of the times." It was at first received with hesitation by the representative of the German Government, who declared concerning it what the Senate of the United States

had declared in 1837, that it was premature, and it is a part of the unwritten history of The Hague that the withdrawal of Germany's opposition was due to the influences brought to bear upon the German court at Berlin by the United States, as it is certain that, if that opposition had not been overcome, no permanent court could have been established. Unanimity was essential to its establishment. The objection of Germany was withdrawn; the value of a permanent court in lieu of sporadic arbitration commissions was recognized; and such a court was organized. The Convention, as finally signed by the Powers represented, committed them to the following declarations:

ART. XVI.—In questions of a judicial character, and especially in questions regarding the interpretation or application of international treaties or conventions, arbitration is recognized by the Signatory Powers as the most efficacious and at the same time the most equitable method of deciding controversies which have not been settled by diplomatic methods.

ART. XX.—With the object of facilitating an immediate recourse to arbitration for international differences which could not be settled by diplomatic methods, the Signatory Powers undertake to organize a permanent Court of Arbitration, accessible at all times, and acting, unless otherwise stipulated by the parties, in accordance with the rules of procedure included in the present Convention.

This brief history is sufficient to show that for nearly three-quarters of a century the people of the United States have been pressing forward toward the establishment of a permanent court of judicature, to be among the civilized nations of the earth what the Supreme Court of the United States is among the States of this Union—the recognized means for settling by appeal to reason the controversies which in times past have been settled only by the appeal to force. The first organic movement for the establishment of such a court seems to have come from the United States. From England and the United States acting together came the proposition which converted the Hague Tribunal from a peace conference to ameliorate the horrors of war and promote international arbitration, into a conference to create a Permanent Court for the settlement of international difficulties by

judicial proceedings. The voices of the people of the United States, expressed through letters and telegrams, were potent—and, we might add, more potent even than Mr. Holls's language would necessarily imply—in overcoming the obstacles of that conservatism which always thinks a forward movement is premature. And the United States, by signing the Convention, pledged itself to the principle that the method furnished by this court is both the most efficacious and the most equitable method of deciding international controversies.

Execution. The creation of a Permanent Court, and the solemn assertion that reference to that court is the most effective and the most equitable means of settling disputes, are measures wholly nugatory unless the parties who have created this tribunal and who have subscribed to this convention proceed to act under it in good faith, by arranging in some way to refer the questions which do arise to the Permanent Court for decision. This the Senate has already agreed to do as respects questions which arise between the United States and the South American Republics. It ratified on January 11, 1905, two-thirds of the Senators present concurring therein, a treaty with the South American Republics negotiated three years before, and waiting before the Senate three years for ratification. This treaty contained the following clause:

ART. I.—The High Contracting Parties agree to submit to arbitration all claims for pecuniary loss or damage which may be presented by their respective citizens which cannot be amicably adjusted through diplomacy, and when said claims are of sufficient importance to warrant the expenses of arbitration.

And the United States, by the same treaty so ratified by the Senate, further agreed that all such controversies should be submitted to the Permanent Court of arbitration "unless both parties should prefer that a special jurisdiction should be organized." Thus the Senate has agreed to enter into a general arbitration treaty with all the South American Republics for submitting a certain class of difficulties to the Court of Arbitration, and has consented to leave the President to decide if in any case he prefers

that it should be submitted to a "special jurisdiction" instead of to the Permanent Court. The next step was surely a natural and normal one—the negotiation of similar treaties with European Powers. Such treaties were negotiated. They followed almost the language and altogether the principles of the general convention to which the United States had already subscribed. They provided that questions of a legal nature, or involving the interpretation of treaties, should be submitted to the Permanent Court, which the United States had declared to be the most effective and at the same time the most equitable means of settling international disputes. They left the President to decide, when any case should arise, whether it was of a legal nature or concerned the interpretation of a treaty, as the treaties with the South American Republics had left the President to decide, when any case should arise, whether it should be referred to the Permanent Court or a "special jurisdiction." The discretion reposed in the President was certainly no greater in the European treaties than in the South American treaties. It seems to us not to have been so great. And these treaties negotiated with European Powers were made to last but five years, in order that, if the experiment did not succeed, it might be abandoned without international controversy.

These are the treaties which the Senate has now practically refused to ratify. For three-quarters of a century public sentiment in the United States has increasingly called for the establishment of a permanent international Court. When the opportune moment arrived, the United States took a leading part in the creation of that Court. To the principle that reference to such a court is the most expeditious and the most equitable method of settling controversies the United States has subscribed. In the settlement of controversies with South American Republics it has adopted this method by solemn treaties. But when Great Britain, France, Germany, Switzerland, Portugal, Italy, Mexico, and Denmark ask the United States, in accordance with its own popular demand, in accordance with its own official affirmations, in

accordance with the principle on which it has acted in its dealing with the South American Republics, to enter into a general treaty with them, similar in its character, the answer, and the only answer, of the Senate is, "We agree that we will agree when we agree to agree." For three-quarters of a century the mountain has been laboring, and this is the mouse which is produced. We are glad that the President refuses to present this mouse with the compliments of the American people to the States of Great Britain, France, Germany, Switzerland, Portugal, Italy, Mexico, and Denmark.

The Senate might have refused to ratify this treaty on the ground that each question should be settled as it arises. This would have been a self-respecting attitude; but it would have been inconsistent with its attitude toward the South American Republics, and unpopular with the American people. It might have put further limitations on the subjects to be referred to the Permanent Court of arbitration, though the limitations seem to us sufficiently narrow already. But it is difficult to characterize with the respect due to so august a body this action of the Senate, which brings the National movement toward universal peace, which we have so briefly etched, to so lame and impotent conclusion, namely, that we will submit questions of a legal nature, or involving the interpretation of a treaty, to the international court of arbitration, provided that whenever the question arises we agree to make a treaty so submitting them.



Room for Improvement

There have lately been many evidences of a local civic awakening at the National Capital, which has not yet found an adequate expression in legislation, though the citizens of Washington are hopeful of obtaining more attention from Congress now that District of Columbia affairs have lately been deemed worthy of so important a place in a President's Message. For nine years Washington's leading citizens and civic organizations have been working for a law to authorize the condemnation of houses unfit for

human habitation, but thus far without success. The alleys and side streets of the capital are disfigured and disgraced by many ramshackle wooden shanties without water or sanitary conveniences, and reeking with filth and vermin—buildings of almost no value even as income-producing properties, for they rent for almost nothing; yet the only house which it has been possible to condemn under the existing law was one which was found to be structurally unsafe and threatened to fall over on some passer-by. The similar dwellings which are certain to cause many deaths by disease cannot be touched. Now that a comprehensive plan has been adopted for making Washington the most beautiful city in the world, the unsanitary and unsightly condition of its poorer quarters has become a glaring discrepancy.

A mass-meeting was recently held in the interest of improved housing; and the allied movement for public playgrounds at the capital. Mr. Justice Brewer presided, and the principal speaker of the evening was ex-Mayor Josiah Quincy, of Boston, who told what Boston had done in the matter of providing playgrounds and athletic fields. For ten large athletic fields and ten local playgrounds Boston has expended \$2,147,000 in land and construction, and expends annually about \$35,000 for maintenance and administration. A city of Washington's size could attain the Boston standard at one-half this expense; but Mayor Quincy made it clear that much remained to be done even in Boston before the legitimate demands of the people should be satisfied. Washington has made a beginning by equipping eleven small playgrounds on borrowed land with apparatus provided by private philanthropy, and manning them with volunteer workers under the guidance of one trained supervisor. Mr. Charles F. Weller, Secretary of the Associated Charities, who is chiefly responsible for the work thus far accomplished, organizes a winter training class for volunteer workers among those who are willing to devote two or three hours a week to playground service during the summer. In this manner a small amount of money is made to accomplish great

results. Beside the far-seeing economy of Boston, the small appropriation of \$8,000 which Congress was lately asked to provide to carry on the work in Washington seems almost niggardly.

As Mayor Quincy pointed out in his address, Washington is at an advantage and also at a disadvantage in comparison with cities enjoying a greater degree of self-government. From an administrative standpoint the capital has an advantage, although its three-headed Commission is a somewhat cumbersome executive which it is now seriously proposed to replace by a single Governor. With the Commissioners, however, the articulate public opinion of the District is as effective as could be reasonably expected in the case of any appointive officers whatever. It is in the effort to secure necessary legislation for the District that the public-spirited citizens of Washington meet with the greatest discouragement. It takes as much time for Congress to consider properly a local measure as one directly affecting the entire country, and the members generally prefer to devote their attention to matters of more interest to their constituents than the local needs of Washington. In some cases it has actually been necessary to reach Congressmen through the influence of citizens of their own States before they could be induced to attend to District legislation. It is not surprising that the residents of the capital should manifest some impatience under these conditions, and renew the vexed discussion of a change in the form of the District government. The people of the District are not clamoring for the franchise as an abstract right, but if they are not to have self-government it seems necessary that Congress should at least delegate some of its legislative powers to the Commissioners of the District, if only to relieve itself from the burden of local questions in which it takes no real interest. Washington should be the model city of the country in much more than a material or external sense. It needs not only a modern building code, but compulsory education and anti-child-labor laws, a well-considered plan for dealing with public service corporations, and other legisla-

tion which can now be enacted only by Congress.

The Spectator

Four months ago the Spectator assisted at the election of President Roosevelt by taking part in the festivities which marked election night in New York City. Whether his assistance was extended to the successful candidate in any more practical manner, the principle of the secret ballot, so vital a part of our American institutions, prevents him from disclosing. The experiences and observations of that evening interested the Spectator intensely, and mingled with the pleasure of the occasion he had the comfortable feeling that he was doing a part of his duty as a good citizen. On the first of March the Spectator suddenly became conscious that another occasion was approaching which would combine the same opportunities for duty and pleasure. He easily convinced himself that it would be patriotic for him to attend the inauguration of President Roosevelt, and he knew without the need of being convinced that he should enjoy it. He likes to do things on the spur of the moment, and the lack of time for preparations gave an added zest to the expedition. So to the inauguration he went.

On arriving in Washington, the Spectator quickly found that the problem of what to see must be solved by the process of elimination. It was physically impossible to see everything. The center of interest would vibrate from the immediate vicinity of the White House to the Capitol and back again, a distance of a mile and a half. Pennsylvania Avenue, the great highway connecting these two points, was to be roped off and closed to unofficial traffic early in the day, and the journey from White House to Capitol must be made by a zigzag, roundabout course that would probably double the air-line distance. The Spectator therefore began to eliminate, in which process he was assisted by circumstances. No tickets admitting to the Capitol during the closing hours of Congress and the ceremony of swearing in the President and the

new Senators could be obtained by any means at the Spectator's command. So that ceremony was eliminated, with the consoling thought that, after all, it was only a curtain-raiser to the real drama of the inauguration. Through the courtesy of a friend and a judicious expenditure of money, tickets were obtained to the stand before the Capitol where the inauguration proper was to take place, to a stand opposite the point in front of the White House where the President was to review the parade, and to the Inaugural Ball. Friday afternoon was passed in a visit to the Senate Chamber, where the Spectator spent several hours in observing with interest the methods of that august body. Most of the work of the session had already been completed, and, with the exception of a few important bills which were being considered by a conference of the two Houses, the business before the Senate consisted of bills of local application or comparative unimportance. It was interesting to one not familiar with methods of procedure in large legislative bodies to observe that when a bill came to its actual passage, the process of making it a law was carried out by the President of the Senate and the Clerk, apparently without the necessity for the attention of any of the Senators. In nearly every case no one took the trouble to vote, and all seemed unconscious of what was going on except the one or two who wanted to take the floor as soon as the measure was disposed of. The Spectator was glad to find that David Harum's saying that "there's as much human nature in some folks as there is in others, if not a little more," was illustrated even in the proceedings of the United States Senate. A Senator from a Western State refused to allow the consideration of a bill to which he had no objection whatever, supporting his refusal with a vehement speech, because a Senator from an Eastern State who had expressed himself in favor of the bill had previously obstructed the course of a measure whose success the Western Senator had at heart.



The Spectator, with thousands of others, cast anxious eyes out of his

window the next morning and found with pleasure that the sun was doing his best to provide suitable weather for the coming festivities. As he ate his breakfast he read with interest in the morning's papers the weather man's prediction of rain. He carefully digested this information, made his own observations of the sky and the atmosphere, took a short trial walk to investigate the temperature, and then recklessly discarded his overcoat. Promptly at ten o'clock the President left the White House for the Capitol, escorted by Troop A, New York City's militia cavalry squadron, and by a little group of his own Rough Riders, and followed by members of his Cabinet in carriages and small detachments of veterans of the Civil War and the Spanish War. While watching the little cavalcade as it passed down the Avenue, it seemed to the Spectator that there was something significant of democracy and equal opportunity for all men in the fact that in those half-dozen carriages, each occupied by four men, there was nothing to indicate which of them was the Chief Magistrate of the Nation.



The thronged pavements of the main thoroughfare making anything like rapid progress impossible there, the Spectator turned into unfamiliar streets and pursued a circuitous route toward the Capitol. How many streets he passed through before he reached that vicinity he cannot say, but there seemed to him to be an endless succession of them. From a brief and empirical study of the street plan of Washington the Spectator has evolved what seems to him the fundamental principle, or at least the principle which is most apparent when he is trying to get anywhere. No street must run parallel to any other street. If by any chance a street catches itself doing so, as soon as it reaches one of those circles which add so much to the beauty of the city, it takes a jump of two or three blocks to the right or left and starts off again at a different angle. The Spectator wandered from street to street, turning a corner whenever he reached one, and finally, more by good luck than good

management, found himself at the Capitol. He was by no means alone on his journey, for the side streets were well filled with people. There is said to be a psychology of mobs as distinct as the psychology of individuals, and the Spectator is sure that an observer could have found a unity in the actions of the Inauguration Day crowds, a scientific study of which would have made an important contribution to human knowledge. From the Spectator's observations, they were distinguished by two characteristics—an insatiable desire to walk and a remarkable tendency to silence. The crowds were walking endlessly, tirelessly, in any and all directions, seemingly with no definite purpose.



The Spectator reached his seat in the inaugural stand about eleven o'clock, and settled himself for a two hours' wait. The stand filled rapidly, and the people sat and shivered and speculated on what was going on within the sacred precincts of the Capitol. Clouds had covered the sky and a small gale was blowing. The Spectator thought with sadness of the weather man's prediction, regretted bitterly his recklessness of the morning, and found himself wondering if the pleasant lady next him wouldn't be inclined to let him share her umbrella when the rain came, and whether he would be able to see the rest of the day's doings if he got as wet as he fully expected to. His neighbors speculated on the amount of sickness that would inevitably result from this exposure. But all the forebodings were destined to happy disappointment, for soon the sun was shining brightly, and murmurs of "Roosevelt weather," "Roosevelt luck," were heard here and there. The long waiting was enlivened by the appearance of the West Point cadets and the "mid-dies" from Annapolis, who marched up and took their station before the President's stand. The members of the House of Representatives were the first to appear from the Capitol, and a few moments later the President appeared, accompanied by Chief Justice Fuller. They took their places in the raised box where the inaugural ceremony was to take

place, while the throng of Senators, members of the diplomatic corps, officers of the army and navy, and invited guests spread themselves out within the reserved inclosure behind the central box. When the oath of office had been solemnly administered by the venerable Chief Justice, President Roosevelt rose to make his inaugural address. The Spectator had the good fortune to be within thirty yards of where the President stood, and he had an excellent view of the delivery of the address. In addition he had the unexpected pleasure of hearing at least eight words of it, but as they were not consecutive he received no very deep impression of the President's remarks. He did, however, receive a very strong impression of the personality of the speaker—an impression of a strong man in dead earnest saying the things that he believed from the bottom of his heart. After the address the President entered his carriage, took his place at the head of the parade which began to form, and started for the White House. The crowd, too, began to make its way in the same direction, and the Spectator retraced his wandering course to reach his seat for the parade.



All big parades are so much alike that the Spectator need not describe this one. He enjoyed it, for there were many soldiers and sailors and lots of bands, and the Spectator is very much a boy in his enthusiasm for martial shows and stirring music. But he enjoyed still more watching the President in the reviewing stand across the street. His enthusiasm for the Annapolis cadets, the sailors from the war-ship Colorado, and everything connected with the navy, his applause for the Porto Rican regiment and the Filipino scouts, his hearty recognition of his friends among some of the political organizations and marching clubs, and the very real interest with which he watched for nearly four hours the progress of the procession, were to the Spectator the most interesting incidents of the day. When the parade was over, he felt that he knew Theodore Roosevelt better and by no means admired and liked him less.

THE STORY OF PORT ARTHUR¹

By George Kennan

Special Correspondent of The Outlook in the Far East

II.—In Dalny and at the Front

INTERESTING as Dalny may be for a day or two, it becomes very tiresome when one is longing to get to the front and is officially held up, apparently without reason, for nearly a week. Day after day and night after night we could hear the booming of big guns in the direction of Port Arthur; but no word came from General Nogi, and without his permission we could not leave the dirty Russian office on the Kiefski Prospect, where it was always cheerless and cold, where we had to sleep on narrow, lumpy sofas, and where—to adopt Toku's quaint English—"Russian insects sometime come very fierce." Mr. Curtis suggested to Lieutenant Oata that it might be possible to frighten away these ferocious insects by having our two "boys" sit up during the first part of the night and play Japanese tea-house melodies on the Russian piano. But the Lieutenant, who had a higher opinion of Japanese music than I had, declared that such a course of procedure would "only make them come more"—would attract them, in fact, from all the other houses in the block—so that suggestion was vetoed.

As we could not expect the Japanese authorities to feed us while we waited indefinitely for orders, we set out on the morning after our arrival in search of a place where we could get our meals. As it was still early, hundreds of Manchurian teamsters were seeking employment for the day, and the Kiefski Prospect for a quarter of a mile was an almost solid mass of horses, mules, donkeys, and steers, harnessed, by means of rope traces, to all sorts of dusty wagons and carts. On the sidewalk there was a dense throng of at least five hundred

deeply sunburned men in gray skull-caps and wadded clothing of Nankin blue who crowded in groups around Chinese transportation contractors and waved in air long-handled whips decorated with square red flags as they shouted lustily for recognition and engagement. At first sight the street seemed to be impassable, but by dodging around carts and under the heads of horses and mules we finally got out of the congested area, and made our way through the commercial quarter to a Chinese restaurant known to many of the war correspondents as the "Sing Song Chow House." One might have supposed from its name that it was an Oriental café chantant; but it proved to be a quiet, unpretentious place, which was half grocery and half restaurant, and which prepared and served meals in any desired style, from Franco-Russo-Manchurian to plain Japanese. The walls of the restaurant proper were decorated with long inscribed strips of red fire-cracker paper; colored Chinese lanterns hung overhead; and as soon as you seated yourself at one of the oilcloth-covered tables a servant surrounded you and shut you in with folding screens on which Chinese tigers and imperial dragons were heavily embroidered in gold. The cook always came himself for orders, but you seldom got what you asked for. To your inquiry whether you could have this or that, he always responded, with a stiff military salute, "Can catchee," but the thing was never caught. He actually borrowed one morning from a neighboring meat-market a fine-looking leg of lamb and brought it in for our inspection; but although we approved it enthusiastically and ordered him to roast it for dinner, he calmly returned it to the meat-market and we saw it no

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more. In its place we had a Chinese stew, whose component parts it was safer to guess at than analyze. However, we managed to get enough that was eatable to make good the waste of tissue caused by long walks in cold winds, and we boarded with Mr. Sing Chong four days. As a curiosity, I append a literal copy of the bill that was furnished to us, in English, for a single day's meals:

SING CHONG YON HOTEL SHOP		
October 20—3 pieces Man. Basts.		
Breakfast.....	2.25	
<i>And</i>		
October 20—3 pieces Man. Basts.		
Lunch.....	3.75	
<i>And</i>		
October 20—3 pieces Man. Basts.		
Dinner.....	5.25	
<i>And</i>		
October 20—3 pieces Man. 1 Battle.		
Large Beer.....	.40	
S. & C.	Y. 11.65	

The "Battle" of "Large Beer" and the "3 pieces of Man" were perfectly intelligible; but the word "Basts" in the first three lines puzzled us. If we had brought dogs or horses to the restaurant, I should have thought that "Basts" meant "beasts," and that the food for the latter was included in the sum to be paid by the "3 pieces of Man." Inasmuch, however, as we had no domestic animals, I finally concluded that "Basts" must be a pidgin-English transliteration of the Chinese word for "hungry," and that it was inserted as a sort of apologetic justification of the exorbitant rates charged. Three pieces of Man who always came in ravenously hungry must expect to be basted in the bill, and the mysterious letters "S. & C." in red ink at the bottom of the page were probably intended to characterize the food as "Satisfying & Cheap" at twelve yen per day. We did not find it so, but the accessories—the golden-dragon screens, the happy-fortune texts on long strips of crimson paper which were pasted against the walls, and the cheerful "Can catchee" of the optimistic cook when we asked for something that did not happen to be in stock—were worth at least four yen a day to three pieces of man from the Occident who took an appreciative and sympathetic interest in the methods, the

decorations, and the quaint bills of "Sing Song Chow Houses" and Manchurian "Hotel Shops." If they had only basted their meats more and their customers less, I should remember them with joy!

One of the most interesting places in Dalny, at the time of our visit, was "Railway Station No. 2," where we used to go every afternoon to see the combined train come in with sick and wounded from Port Arthur and Liaoyang. I was not morbidly desirous of looking at mangled and tortured men; but, in the first place, I wanted to see how they were treated and cared for by the corps of Red Cross doctors and nurses, and, in the second place, I was curious to know, as a matter of interest in connection with the national character, whether the extraordinary fortitude of Japanese soldiers could be shaken or broken down by twenty hours of suffering in jolting flat cars, where they were exposed to the wind and dust of the Manchurian day and to the penetrating chill of the long Manchurian night. I fully satisfied myself with regard to both points. Sick and wounded men from the front are brought back to Dalny as carefully as they can be brought in the cars that the Japanese have at their disposal. Those whose cases are most serious are put into closed box cars and are furnished, when necessary, not only with extra blankets but with mattresses. The lightly wounded and convalescent sick have to ride in open flat cars; but they are seldom crowded, and by wrapping themselves up in their blankets and overcoats they manage, somehow, to get through the night. That both classes suffer intensely there can be no question; but they do not show it. In a whole train-load you may, possibly, see one man, with a broken shoulder or a smashed thigh, who contracts his brow in a faint scowl as a clumsy stretcher-bearer shakes or jolts him in taking him out of the train; but four hundred and ninety-nine out of every five hundred hold their grip and make no sign. Such fortitude, you may say, is the cultivated stoicism of many centuries, and perhaps it is; but, after all, it is a fine thing to see thousands of men who are "bigger than anything that can happen to them," and who endure

long-protracted agony not only with fortitude but with patience and gentleness. I have seen many thousands of Japanese sick and wounded, in hospitals, at sea, on the road, and at the front; but I have never known one of them to groan, whimper, complain, or growl. Their splendid self-control can neither be shaken by sickness nor broken down by the torture of neglected and inflamed wounds.

On the second day after our arrival in Dalny, Prince Karl of Hohenzollern left there with his staff for Liaoyang. A company of soldiers had been drawn up on the platform to do him honor; all the high military officers in the city were present in their smartest uniforms; and behind the third-class carriage in which he took his seat there was a long line of flat cars filled with reserves of the Imperial Guard bound for the Shaho. Just before the Prince's train started, the daily train of wounded from the front pulled in on a parallel track, and never were there presented more sharply contrasted pictures of going to battle and returning from battle—of the showy side and the tragic side of war. The soldiers bound north, as they sat, with their rifles at their sides, on plank seats arranged in transverse rows across the cars, had on fresh, dark-blue uniforms with neat belts and cartridge-boxes, wore Japanese caps banded with red, and looked clean, trim, alert, and strong. The men who came back from the north were bareheaded, white-bandaged wrecks of humanity, in worn, mud-stained clothing and water-browned shoes, without weapons, knapsacks, or military equipment of any kind. Scores of them were unable to get on their feet, and even those who could walk were so disorderly in dress, so grimy with coal-smoke, and so gray with dust that they looked like destitute tramps smashed up in a railway accident and just turned out of an emergency hospital.

The arrangements for their reception were everything that could be desired. Several hundred Chinese stretcher-bearers and ambulance men were waiting for them at the station, and those who could not walk were carried up out of the railway cut to a series of large closed sheds, where they were promptly exam-

ined by a corps of Red Cross surgeons, and furnished, when necessary, with hot food from a neighboring kitchen. Every man brought with him, from the field hospital at the front where he had been treated, not only his identification tag, but a complete medical record of his case. The surgeons in the sheds read these papers, examined the patients, decided what should be done with them, made additional notes on the records, and, after giving them time for rest and refreshment, sent them to steamers lying at the piers, or to one of the forwarding hospitals in the city. The slightly wounded and convalescent sick went directly to Japan, while the more serious cases were held in Dalny for further treatment. Everything was done with perfect order and system, and in half or three-quarters of an hour after the arrival of the train the sheds were empty and all the men were either in hospital or on their way home. In order to get room for new arrivals from Port Arthur and the north, the resident surgeons made a partial clearance of the Dalny hospitals every day, by sending to Japan all patients who were able to stand the sea voyage. Half a dozen Red Cross steamers were constantly going back and forth, and every one of the larger transports, such as the Tosa-maru and the Aki-maru, had accommodations for wounded, and carried a regular staff of thirty surgeons and nurses. When, therefore, a man reached Dalny, he had no more severe hardships to anticipate. It is unnecessary, perhaps, to compare the treatment of Japanese sick and wounded with that received by our soldiers in eastern Cuba and on some of the transports that brought them home; but we may profitably think about the matter and take notes. The bringing of disabled men in open flat cars from Liaoyang to Dalny is bad, and causes unnecessary suffering; but it must not be forgotten that the Japanese had to change the gauge of two hundred and fifty miles of road, and import all the rolling stock for it from Japan, while at the same time they were carrying on a great war and sending to the front provisions and ammunition for an army of two or three hundred thousand men. It was virtually impossible, in such circum-

stances, to equip the railway with hospital trains, and they had to do the best they could with freight cars. If fighting continues in the north through the winter, the transportation of wounded from Liaoyang to Dalny in open flat cars may become impracticable, on account of the severity of the Manchurian climate; but the soldiers at the front have been abundantly supplied with warm clothing, and by the time the cold becomes intense the Japanese will probably have brought over closed cars enough to make up two or three ambulance trains, warmed by hibachis or sheet-iron stoves. Meanwhile their facilities for treating and transporting the wounded seem to be fully adequate, and although they have sometimes had to handle as many as twelve thousand disabled men in a week, they have never been overwhelmed. At a single bandaging station I have known them to pick up and give first aid to two thousand wounded men in eight hours.

On the 23d of October we finally received permission to proceed to Port Arthur, and, loading our baggage into a Chinese cart, we bade good-by to the dust, torn lace curtains, lumpy sofas, and "fierce" insects of the Russian office on the Kiefski Prospect, and walked down to the railway station in the residential quarter of the town.

The degree of comfort with which one can go by rail from Dalny to the headquarters of the besieging army before Port Arthur depends, first, upon the nature of the train that one happens to catch, and, second, upon the state of the weather. The Japanese did not find in Dalny locomotives and rolling stock enough to equip the southern division of the Chinese Eastern road, and consequently they had to bring engines and cars from the narrower railways of Japan, and then change the gauge of the Manchurian line to fit them. As flat cars were more easily transported and more generally useful than either box cars or coaches, few of the latter were imported, and passengers bound for Port Arthur or Liaoyang had to go as live stock, and to get along as best they could without seats and without any protection whatever from wind or

weather. Once a day the station-master at Dalny was supposed to make up a train *de luxe*, by adding to the long line of loaded flat cars a single third-class coach; but one could never find out whether this particular train would leave Dalny in the morning, at noon, or at night, and the chances were at least three to one that a traveler going either south to Port Arthur or north to Liaoyang would have to sit for hours on a pile of lumber, a box of hard bread, or a big eleven-inch shell, with a cold wind whistling about his ears and a cloud of coal smoke from the locomotive filling his eyes with cinders and his lungs with sulphurous gas.

When we went to the station, or rather to the place where the station had been, on the morning of Sunday, October 23, we found that the first train to Port Arthur that day consisted of six flat cars, piled to a height of twelve or fourteen feet with lumber. "We never can get our baggage up on those loads," I said to Curtis, in dismay, as I glanced at the perpendicular sides of the heavily loaded cars. "We can hardly climb up ourselves without a ladder." There were a number of empty flat cars on a neighboring siding, and we tried to persuade the station-master to attach one of these to the train for our use; but he said that on account of the scarcity of rolling stock he could not send out a car without a load, and that we must either get our baggage up on the lumber in some way or wait for a later train. As we had already been waiting in Dalny five days for permission to go to the front, we were determined not to submit to further delay, even if we had to abandon our heavy baggage altogether; so, returning to the platform, we ordered our "boys" to throw up the lighter packages, and then climbed up ourselves between two of the cars, where the projecting ends of the boards afforded a sort of foothold. There happened, fortunately, to be forty or fifty Japanese soldiers on the train, and as soon as they noticed our embarrassment they came, with characteristic good nature, to our relief, and, swarming over the sides of the cars, helped our servants to hoist the heavy trunks and cases of provisions up the precipices of

lumber and stow them away on top. The locomotive engineer, who had been watching with benevolent interest our efforts to get aboard, then blew a short blast on his whistle, and, with much jerking and clanking of couplings, we slowly got under way, ran out of the deep Culebra Cut, skirted for two or three miles the blue water of the upper bay, and finally lost sight of Dalny as we rounded the base of a stony hill and entered the shallow, treeless valley which extends northward to the junction of the Talienwan branch with the main line at Sanshilipu.

The interior of the Liaotung Peninsula is much more thickly settled and thoroughly cultivated than the barrenness of the seacoast would lead one to expect. Every mile or two we passed long, substantial Manchurian farm-houses with stone walls and A-shaped roofs of tiles or thatch; and in the stone-walled courtyards that surrounded them there were many signs of agricultural thrift and prosperity in the shape of well-fed domestic animals, carts, stables, haystacks, and big piles of millet or shelled corn drying in the sunshine on square mats of closely woven reeds. The year's crops had all been harvested, but the denuded fields were dotted with men and women in garments of faded blue, who were busily engaged in plowing, or in pulling up cornstalk roots for winter fuel. Long lines of native carts with provisions for General Nogi's army were raising clouds of dust on the wagon road to Port Arthur; and here and there on the outskirts of a village one might see a blindfolded donkey grinding corn by pulling around in a circle a horizontal bar attached to the upper of two millstones, or a big gray mule dragging a corrugated stone roller over a layer of millet stalks on a circular threshing-floor of hard-beaten earth. All the agricultural methods of the country seemed to be primitive and rude; but the whole population was at work, and had something tangible to show, moreover, for its labor. In the character of its inhabitants, if not in the fertility of its soil, Manchuria impressed me more favorably than Korea.

As one goes from Dalny to Port Arthur by rail, one wonders that the Rus-

sians were ever driven from the splendid defensive positions that the country everywhere affords. The whole interior of the peninsula is a mass of steep, barren hills, which rise, in places, to heights of a thousand and twelve hundred feet, and which command every road and path through the intervening valleys and defiles. When Port Arthur was isolated by the cutting of the railroad north of Kinchow, General Stoessel had under his command an army of at least thirty thousand men, possibly forty thousand, besides the bluejackets of the Port Arthur fleet. After leaving five thousand men to garrison the seacoast forts, he still had twenty-five or thirty thousand men available for field operations; and with such a force, in a country that is full of natural strongholds of the most formidable kind, he ought to have held back the Japanese advance twice as long as he did. Between the Kinchow Isthmus and Port Arthur there are at least half a dozen hills and ranges, such as Antzushan, Antzuling, Kensan, and the Langshan range, which might have been made as strong as Nanshan, or 203-Meter Hill; and if the Russians had defended these positions with half the courage and obstinacy that they afterward displayed in the defense of the forts and intrenched hills of Port Arthur itself, they might have inflicted immense losses upon the Japanese, and might have made it impossible for the latter to begin siege operations before the end of October or November. Instead, however, of throwing their whole available force to the front, so as to intrench strongly and hold securely the most important strategic hills on the lines of the Japanese advance, they allowed themselves to be greatly outnumbered at almost every point of attack, failed to intrench properly the naturally strong positions that the country afforded, and offered comparatively feeble resistance at places where they should have fought as fiercely as at Nanshan. The only heights that they fortified adequately and defended with anything like vigor were Shuangtaikou, Antzuling, and Tapaishan; and even from these they allowed themselves to be driven with a loss of only a thousand men, although,

according to the official Japanese report, they had in action a total force of twenty or thirty thousand, with sixty field guns.

The reasons for the ineffective resistance of the Russians to the Japanese advance on Port Arthur were probably three. In the first place, no comprehensive scheme of defense had previously been thought out, and no attempt had been made to select and fortify strategic positions southwest of the Kinchow Isthmus. When, therefore, the Japanese stormed Nanshan Hill and took possession of Dalny, the Russians had to decide upon a plan of campaign hurriedly, and in a time of excitement and confusion. In the second place, General Stoessel probably had no well-organized system of transportation, and he doubtless found it very difficult to feed large bodies of troops and keep them supplied with ammunition on wild, barren mountains at a distance from the railroad. Finally, the Japanese, who are indefatigable marchers and hill-climbers, and who have an admirable transportation system, advanced southward in three or four columns and by as many different routes, so that while they were attacking in one place they were threatening to outflank—and often were actually outflanking—in another. General Stoessel, who, very likely, had never studied the topography of the peninsula in connection with a possible plan of invasion by three or four routes simultaneously, found it difficult to foresee the Japanese movements and combinations, and often abandoned strong positions for fear that if his troops continued to hold them against one hostile column their retreat to Port Arthur might be cut off by another. The extreme right and left wings of General Nogi's army were twelve or fifteen miles apart; its intercommunicating columns were pushing southward along the lines of least resistance, and on one flank or the other they were constantly getting around or behind Russian positions that might have been held against direct frontal attacks for weeks. It is altogether probable, moreover, that General Stoessel placed great reliance upon the chain of powerful forts which surrounded the city, and that he thought it unwise to waste men

in the desperate defense of distant hills and passes when the nearer line of intrenchment was so certainly impregnable. In any event—for these reasons or for others—the Russians did retreat steadily through the peninsula and did abandon a whole series of positions of extraordinary strength which the Japanese would have held for five or six months against an army double or treble their own in size. The result was a much earlier investment of Port Arthur than would have been possible had the Russians shown greater ability in the management of the preliminary campaign and more vigor in the defense of the outlying hills. It might have made a great difference in the final outcome if the Japanese had lost fifteen or twenty thousand men before they got within shelling distance of the big permanent forts, and if they had had to begin siege operations in November instead of August. The Russians are doubtless entitled to great credit for their stubborn defense of Port Arthur; but in allowing the Japanese to construct without interference a ten-mile boom from Terminal Head to the outer Elliott Islands, in permitting them to land without opposition in Yentoa Bay, in neglecting to prepare a second line of defense at Nankuanling on the Kinchow Isthmus, and in failing adequately to intrench and hold the extremely strong positions between that isthmus and Port Arthur, they showed lack of foresight, lack of energy, and lack of strategic skill. Between Sanshilipu Junction and the front we could see from the train many long lines of Russian rifle-pits and a few earthen embankments or remains of sand-bag batteries; but I did not notice anything that could properly be called a fort or even a semi-permanent intrenchment. The defensive works, such as they were, had evidently been constructed after the Russian defeat at Nanshan Hill.

Although the distance from Dalny to Port Arthur by rail is only forty miles, the journey, owing to stops, waits, and switching, occupies three or four hours, and it was the middle of the afternoon when we finally climbed down from our flat cars and stretched our cramped legs in front of the small Chinese village

where General Nogi had his headquarters. It was a typical Manchurian hamlet of perhaps ten or fifteen stone houses surrounded by walled courtyards and shaded by a few clumps of willow and poplar trees from which the last withered leaves of autumn were just falling. A feeble brook ran past it in rather a deep, barren gulch, and between this brook and the houses ten or fifteen saddle-horses, tied to posts under the trees, were pawing the ground impatiently as they waited for their riders. Here and there, in the courtyards, stood a few large conical tents of white canvas, and a little farther up the right bank of the stream, just across a dusty road, there was a scattered collection of rough board shanties and matting shacks, which were banked up with earth and sheltered by thick outer walls of standing cornstalks to protect them from the cold northerly winds. Chinese children were playing in one of the two streets that made up the native village; chickens and ducks were wandering about among the shanties and shacks of the Japanese quarter; a long train of donkeys had just come in loaded with bundles of firewood; and down in the gulch, beside the stream, two or three soldiers were washing clothes, while another was superintending the boiling of water in two big iron kettles mounted on a sort of wheeled soup-kitchen that had been captured from the Russians. Of the pomp and circumstance of war there was hardly a suggestion. A solitary sentry stood at the courtyard gate of General Nogi's house; but there were no officers in the streets; no mounted orderlies were spurring in or out with reports or orders; not a flag was flying in the whole settlement; and it was almost impossible to believe that this wretched Chinese village, with its annex of frontier shacks and shanties, was the headquarters of the Third Imperial Army, and that from it were being directed the movements of sixty thousand men on a fighting-line more than ten miles in length.

Turning in at the open gate of a walled courtyard partly shaded by trees, we entered a long, one-story Manchurian house of the ordinary type, and in a small, scantily furnished room, decorated

with strips of red paper and mural paintings of Chinese Buddhas or saints, we found General Ijichi, chief of staff of the Third Army. He received us cordially, and began at once to apologize for the delay to which we had been subjected at Dalny. Our arrival there, he said, had been reported to him, but as he had received no information with regard to us from the War Department, he did not know who we were nor what disposition to make of us. He had therefore detained us until he could get instructions from the General Staff in Tokyo. It occurred to me, while this explanation was being interpreted, that it would have been much simpler to send for us at once, and give us an opportunity to present personally our letters of introduction and passes, especially as General Ijichi knew that we were accompanied by a Japanese officer; but I made no comment. The General then inquired what our wishes and plans were, and suggested that as life at the front would be full of discomforts and hardships, we might find it better to go back to Dalny and live there, coming to the front occasionally, by train, to witness general assaults, of which we should receive due notification. To this we strenuously objected. Residence in Dalny was quite as uncomfortable as life at the front could be; and to watch a siege at a distance of forty miles was obviously impracticable. After some further conversation it was decided that, inasmuch as Mr. Curtis had no tent, and mine was not large enough to hold us all, with our servants, quarters should be provided for us in one half of a Chinese house in the neighboring village of Liukiatun. This was three-quarters of a mile north of staff headquarters, and at least three or four miles from the advanced Japanese positions; but we were not then aware of that fact, and were glad finally to get settled anywhere at the front.

General Ijichi then informed us that we should not be permitted to send out letters or telegrams for publication, that we should be required to submit even our private letters to censorship, and that we must agree to remain at Port Arthur until the end of the siege. To these conditions we assented. We were

then conducted to a clean matting and cornstalk shack near the commissary department, which served as a sort of "spare room," or guest-house, for the headquarters staff; and there, an hour or two later, a Japanese soldier brought to us a bountiful and well-cooked dinner of soup, fish, beefsteak, well-made omelet, mashed sweet potatoes, bread, but-

ter, French brandy, and wine. Late in the evening, after discussing the events of the day, we went to bed on comfortable army cots, and tried to get to sleep; but the window-shaking concussions of the big siege guns near at hand and the sputter of rifles and drumming of machine guns in the distance kept us long awake.

Washington Then and Now¹

By Edward Everett Hale

In Two Parts—II.

YES, I suppose in a fashion all capitals are alike. But the people in Washington are a little apt to suppose that their capital is more like London or Berlin or Paris than it is. Napoleon used to say that there were men in cellars in Paris who had never heard of his name, who had never heard of Louis XVI.'s name, and who knew practically almost nothing of the years between Louis XVI. and what Carlyle called the "whiff of grape-shot." I suppose something like this is true now. This could not be true in Washington. Yet in Washington there are thousands of people who are hard at work and do the Lord's business who are very indifferent to the names of the figureheads or the steersmen of the day. I have asked Cambridge undergraduates to tell me with whom they were reading their Latin or their political history, and they have not known the name of their teacher. I do not think I could ask any official of the twenty-five thousand in Washington who was the President of the United States and find him ignorant. But I do think there is many an official in Washington whom I might ask to-day who would be President Roosevelt's successor if he died, and the man should not be able to tell me.

In every department, and this is fortunate for the country, there are some men quite too useful to be turned out on a change of administration. Whoever else goes, Mr. A. B. must remain, or Mr. X. Y., to keep the machine running.

They told me in Paris when I was first there that when Louis Philippe became King, in 1830, there were clerks in the public offices who had served there since Louis XVI. was on the throne. That was more than forty years. Directoire, First Consulate, Empire, Bourbon, it was all one to them; the King's work or the Republic's work went on with even step, *equo pede*.

Any change in such order, as you can see, is bad. I remember I once had a letter from Washington to ask me if I could tell them where Kohl's maps were—a collection of considerable value which Mr. J. G. Kohl had made for them. I said I would show them the first time I was in Washington, and then I took one of the gentlemen of the Department which wanted to know—took him in a cab to a house which the Department had occupied in the war, and went up into a particular hallway where was the original chest in which Kohl's maps were to be found. There have to be certain permanent people who remember the traditions of the Department.

Sometimes such people drop into the habits of all chancelleries and adopt that infamous rule of feudal governments that it is better not to do a thing than to do it.

I love to tell the stories on the other side which show that with us the Sovereign is the People, that the Sovereign is in the saddle, and that the Sovereign pokes about in Washington as Haroun-al-Raschid did in Bagdad. The late

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Commodore Green told me that, coming home from the West Indies when he was a youngster, he said in the office of the chief of his Bureau that he thought it was time that the longitudes should be readjusted by electric telegraph. If you will think of it, this gives you absolute precision, far greater than stellar observations give. The chief of the Bureau spoke of this to the Secretary of the Navy. The Secretary of the Navy sent the next morning for the young Lieutenant, and at once asked him how he would take the longitudes, and, seeing that he had a head on his shoulders, gave him a small vessel for voyages in the Gulf of Mexico and all the men he wanted.

From this beginning began the system of telegraphic longitudes, which has gone so far that now every hydrographic bureau in the world uses the longitudes which Uncle Sam has calculated from our own observations in every ocean. Green was at work in his little tent on an island far away, where they had a wire to London, when some English officers came in, introduced themselves, and were interested in seeing the processes. Green said, "Why don't you get some of this to do? The whole world is to be done, and you would like the work." To which one of them replied, "Get some of it to do! How should we get it?" "Why," said Green, "you would go to the Admiralty, tell them about it, and ask them to commission you." At which the Englishman replied, "Dear Mr. Green, if we spent half as much time in the Admiralty as you have spent in talking to us, we should be kicked downstairs."

There is the difference between working in a country where the People is the fountain of honor and the Sovereign of the nation and another country where you have got to tell Quogga to tell Mingo to ask Sambo to ask Cæsar to send up your card to Mr. Smith to ask him to consult Mr. Jones as to whether Sir Stopford Buckles will appoint a day when he can receive you.

Two friends of mine, botanists, were coming up a few months ago from a botanical expedition in the South. They missed their connection in Washington,

so that they had five or six hours to stay there. Without any introduction, they went at once to the Agricultural Department. There they were cordially welcomed by people who did not know their names, I suppose. They told of their interest in forests, they told just what they wanted to see and to know, and before they were five minutes older one of them was sitting by one cabinet in one room and another by the right cabinet in another room; and they had every facility for studying in the best collections of the world precisely the things which interested them and which they wanted to know.

Compare this with an experience of mine in London in 1859.

I arrived in London early in October. Mr. Bancroft, the historian, had asked me to make some copies for him in the State Paper office. I wanted to do the right thing, so I called at once on the American Minister, Mr. Dallas. Mr. Dallas will not mind it now if I say that he thought of himself quite as highly as he ought to think. He had a great respect for the letters of introduction which I brought him, and the whole interview was a fine illustration of etiquette, diplomacy, and red tape in which, dear reader, I assure you I could and can do as well as another if there is occasion. So I told him what Mr. Bancroft wanted and I. He said that if I would write him a note which he could send to the Foreign Secretary, the Foreign Secretary would send that note to the Home Secretary, and the Home Secretary would confer with the Keeper of the Records, and that he, Mr. Dallas, had no doubt that the Keeper of the Records would give me the permission I wanted. Here I, barbarian that I was, thanked him, but said if I might sit a moment at his desk I would write the memorandum; that I wanted to see the portfolio of American papers, very limited as I need not say, of 1584. Mr. Dallas's hair turned gray as I spoke of sitting at his desk. He said he thought I had better give more thought to the letter and had better go to my lodgings and write him a note which, as before, he could send to, etc., etc., etc. I accepted the snub, went to my "lodgings," wrote the note, and have never

seen Mr. Dallas from that day to this. What happened was this—that that evening I met at a little party Mr. Gardiner, the diligent and celebrated historian of that time, that the next morning he introduced me to Sir Francis Palgrave, the Keeper of the Records, that he gave me a line which opened the whole history of England for a thousand years to me. I made my copies and sent them to Mr. Bancroft, I suppose the next day, and then went off for ninety days on the Continent and elsewhere. On my return home in the first week of the next January, as I shook hands with the Captain of the Europa in Queenstown Harbor, he said to me that I should find a note from the Foreign Office in my stateroom. I wondered what the Foreign Office had to do with me, and I ran downstairs to find a permit from the Record Office, countersigned by the Home Office, countersigned again by the Foreign Office, permitting me to examine the letters of the year 1584.

Now, I do not say but there is more or less of this fuss and feathers in Washington, but I do say that when the People is Sovereign and the Sovereign is in the saddle, there is much less of it than there is where they are trying to maintain the forms of the Middle Ages and to use the machinery of Egbert or Alfred or William the Conqueror. This sometimes ends in putting Wamba the son of Witless, son of an alderman the son of a fool, into the cab of a modern locomotive to take an express train across the country.

There is an old saw, concocted a generation ago, which said that when a Boston man is introduced to a newcomer, he asks, "What does he know?" That in New York the Knickerbocker asks, "How much is he worth?" In Philadelphia the people ask, "Who was his grandfather?" In which joke there is an element of truth. The Washington people say that they ask, "What can he do?" I think that to a very perceptible extent this epigram is true. The interesting thing about social life here is that you meet so many different sorts of people. You would not be surprised much if one of them had three arms, or if another had wings, or if another had

some sort of ears or eyes which represented a seventh or an eighth sense. By this I mean that the habits of one man have been so unlike those of another that you are somewhat surprised that you find yourself talking English with them all. They do not know it themselves, but they really live a good deal each man in his own world. I said above that in the old days everybody in Washington kept the run of the proceedings in Congress, but now the people keep the run of the proceedings in Congress whose business it is to know what the proceedings in Congress are. But you shake hands with a press reporter and go up into the office of the "How To Do It Bureau," to find a gentleman who has not thought of Congress for a week. He probably knows that Mr. Cannon is the Speaker of the House, he is quite sure that he has heard of Mr. Gorman and Mr. Lodge in the Senate. But he dismisses them because they are doing their business; he is doing his. Well, it is a little as I once had in the same week a letter from James Haverstock in Burnside's Army to ask me if I could tell him where his brother John was; and I had another note from John Haverstock to ask me if I could tell him where James Haverstock was. I wrote to each of them that his brother was in the same brigade in North Carolina that he was in himself, and that if he would get a pass from the Colonel he could go over and see him. James and John were both in their duty; they were serving God, as the Prayer-Book puts it, in the condition of life where he had appointed them. And it is a little in the same way that the gentleman in the "How To Do It Bureau" knows that the leaders of the Senate and the House understand their business better than he does, and does not bother his head about them at all. On the other hand, Mr. Lodge and Mr. Cannon had things of certain importance to do. They have gained that certain experience which no newspaper reporter has, and so they really think that the men in the "How to Do It Bureau" know more than they do about the handling of yellow fever and the irrigation of Arizona. And this is to say that they have arisen to that sublime height in which a man

obeys the instructions which are given to the Thessalonians.

As I have intimated, there is another element in the Washington of to-day in which the city differs entirely from what I call irreverently the Virginia "mud-hole" of 1844. By exactly the same law which sends the geese and ducks from beyond the equator to Bird Rock in the Gulf of the St. Lawrence and then sends them back again, a flock quite as large of New Englanders and New Yorkers pass south every winter to Florida and Georgia and perhaps Mexico and then pass north again as the spring opens; earlier or later, as the counsels of men or women happen to prevail in the separate families of the migrators. Well, exactly as the geese and ducks and rice-birds have to stop sometimes to rest themselves in their flight, nine-tenths of the people from the North have to stop at Washington to give two or three days to inquiries as to the government of the country and how it is administered. They do not stop at Chester or Perryville or Baltimore, though the train stops at those places. But at Washington they stop and spend what Miss Ferrier calls the rest day, the dress day, and the press day. Then they go on. Those same birds do not stop when they come back, but the tenth part which did not stop when they went on stop when they return. This constant renewal of life, all belonging, as you observe, to the immediate family of the Sovereign of the Nation, gives a curious element, or bright spots of gold, if you please, to each day, such as I have never observed in any other place in which I have lived. It is a very interesting element. It does Washington a great deal of good and it does this people a great deal of good. In proportion as they make a longer or shorter stay, for the rest of their lives they believe the newspapers less or more when they read about Washington, and are better or worse informed as to the real government of the Nation. To meet such featherless birds of passage, if you are of the temperament of the people who like that sort of thing, you will look in at the Arlington or the New Willard or the Driscoll or the Normandie or all of them every day and shake hands with

Mrs. Vanderlip, to whom you gave her degree at Chautauqua in 1893, or with Mr. Champernoon, whose father was at school with you at the Latin School in 1833. They will tell you the last news from New Padua or Fort Fairfield, and you will tell them whether the Cabinet changes mean a quarrel or have been foreordained from centuries. If, while you are talking with one or two of them in the great common hall which is now a part of every hotel, there turns up a very bright and intelligent-looking fellow whom they do not know but whom you do know, and the conversation suddenly changes to Nansen's book or to the temperature of Wilkes's Land in the Antarctic, that is because this gentleman is a press correspondent. I like these gentlemen, and they have been promoted step by step in journalism till they occupy the most important post in the metropolitan journals. At the same time, I cannot but observe that their presence in any circle is apt to throw a restraint upon the conversation there. If it happens sometimes, occasionally let us grant, but still sometimes, that the metropolitan journal or the metropolitan correspondent does not voice the latest whisper of the Washington circles, it is because of a certain reticence which is natural enough when they are present.

Now, let us contrast all this with the old Washington. I was walking down town one morning in 1844 and I met Moses Grinnell, who was a member of Congress from New Bedford. I joined him, and he told me the morning's news. Samuel Hoar had arrived from Charleston with his daughter, having been turned out of that city by a mob of gentlemen, who waited upon him and told him that if he did not leave Charleston with his daughter a mob of blackguards would compel him to do so. Samuel Hoar would have been as willing to die from a Charleston pistol as any man, but he rightly measured the position, and with his daughter took the steamboat for Wilmington and came up to Washington. It was seventeen years before Sumter, but Grinnell knew that it was the beginning of the Civil War. Before the morning had passed I had written to the "Daily Advertiser" in Boston the news

of this crisis, and in two or three days the letter arrived in Boston. It was printed in the next morning's "Advertiser," and in a day more it was in New York. It was copied in the New York journals, and was the first news which those journals printed of a transaction which we now know was critical in the affairs of men. I do not think there was a professional newspaper correspondent in Washington in the year 1844. I do know of our correspondents in the "Advertiser" office, that the letters were from Mr. Winthrop and Mr. Grinnell and Mr. Choate, who had no idea that the "Advertiser" would need other information than they could give it. In earlier years the letters which will be found there by careful historians are from Edward Everett, Rufus Choate, Robert Winthrop, Daniel Webster, Joseph Story, and one or other New England Representatives. The earliest letter from my brother is of the date of 1843. The gentlemen of the press will excuse me and will agree with me when I say that the physical necessity which now compels so many square inches of news a day, whether there be any news or not, has not improved the quality of the daily letters which, naturally enough, the local press of every city has to print every morning or evening.

There was no better sign of the times in those early days than one could see in any issue of the Charleston dailies. Observe that not one of them printed more than five hundred copies. How they lived Heaven knows. But they did have an impudent habit of omitting National news, as if it were only by accident that they had any concern with it. Exactly as the "Tribune" has no separate heading every day of the action of the Swiss Government, so the Charleston "Courier" did not recognize what was going on at Washington, except as it would an incident of general information. If it were proposed to inspect steamboats on Southern rivers, they would copy the information as they would have copied a motion in the British Parliament on the importing of cotton.

This single illustration suggests that it may be well to put in words the central distinction between the Washington

of 1844 and that of 1905. The motto of the "Madisonian," I think the paper was named, which pretended to be the special organ of the General Government in those early days, was in the words attributed to Jefferson, "The best government is that which governs least." I cannot fix the quotation, and the fact that the "Madisonian" said it was from Jefferson is no evidence that it was so. But when you remember that in John Adams's time, when the yellow fever was in Philadelphia, Adams went to Braintree and the other members of his little Cabinet to their respective homes, and one might say there was no General Government practically for many months till the Philadelphia fright was over, you understand what happened before the people were really wonted to the idea of a Nation. You get traces of the same thing when you find that Jefferson never alludes to cotton-gins or steamboats, and that as far down as Jackson's time there were plenty of men to say that Congress could not appropriate money for a National road to the West.

Now you remember, by contrast, quite enough instances of such coy indifference to National duties in your visits at different departments to-day. Here is the Department of Agriculture; it sends its agents over the world. A man in Guatemala finds ants which will destroy the cotton weevil in Texas, a man in northern China collects and brings home peach-stones of a variety invaluable to America. But if you had proposed a Department of Agriculture in John Tyler's time, you would have been told that the Constitution gave no power for any such thing. Or you go to Dr. Harris at the Bureau of Education; he is in correspondence with all the States and all the Territories right and left; he is sending or receiving information for the whole Nation. As a little side amusement and play the Department of Education has changed the whole interior life of Alaska by introducing reindeer from Siberia. Now, to have proposed a Board of Education in 1840 would have been madness.

The Civil War changed all that. As I am fond of saying, the United-States is a Nation, while our Southern masters were then saying all the time the United

States are a Confederacy. They pretended, when the President made an official pronouncement, that he held just the same relation to the United States as the Queen of Holland now holds to the forty States which have consented to the Hague Conventions. But nobody says this now. Sam Adams and Patrick Henry from their seats in any other world look with amazement though with satisfaction on a capital of a Nation which extends from sea to sea. It is a Nation which understands home rule as nobody else understands it. Yet at the same time it is a Nation which is not afraid to pick up a pin or to launch a navy if the needs of the Nation require. At this moment the Department of Agriculture is engaged in the irrigation of a million square miles, be the same more or less. If you ask them, as the British commander asked Ethan Allen, by what authority they are acting, the Department of Agriculture would say, as he said, that they are at work "in the name of God and the Continental Congress." They would not talk about State sovereignty or State supremacy. They would say, I hope, that a good many million people in the world are asking God for their daily bread, and it is the business, as He orders, of the Department of Agriculture to enlarge the world's produce of daily bread. "Time works with us," they will say, "and in a few years we will give you farms which produce a hundred bushels to an acre where the cactus or the mesquite now struggle for their lives."

Yes, the agonies of the four years between the fifteenth of April, 1861, and the third of April, 1865, can never be fully told, but this is certain, that the God of history has already given us the compensation for such agonies, as in the forty years which have passed since he has made it certain to the eighty million people between the Atlantic and the Pacific that the United States is a Nation.

In the second year of the Civil War, a distinguished English traveler said to me that it was all very well to keep on fighting, "but, of course, you know, there cannot be, you know, a nation ex-

tending from the Atlantic to the Pacific. There never has been such a nation and there never will be. You will have to arrange for four different nations to cover that territory." To whom I replied, with rage hardly concealed, "There never has been such a nation, but it is the will of God that there shall be, and you will see that that is what we are fighting for."

Now, precisely as Jerusalem was a city guided by the priesthood, even if the technical rule was in the hands of soldiers, as Lowell is a city of weavers and spinners, as New York is a city of tradesmen buying and selling, as Princeton is a city of students and teachers, so is Washington a city of men and women who are fed by the Nation, who work for the Nation, who live for the Nation, and as the Nation chooses. Granting that half of them have ties and memories which bind them, say, to Georgia or Minnesota or the State of Maine, or to other States; granting that some of them even go to vote in those States as a sort of gallant symbol of their birth and education, all this is but a trifle, because their life is a National life. Twenty-five thousand people is a large number when you remember that the population of the white, which is the ruling race in the city, all told, is not more than one hundred and thirty thousand. When we were school-boys, we used to say with James Otis, "One-fifth are fighting men." I suppose we could say of Washington now that one-fifth of its white residents are in the direct service of Uncle Sam—of the Government of the United States. Now, for the loyal love which these people bear to the Union, to the Nation of which they are, by whom they were nursed, there was really nothing to compare in the Washington of 1844, if you left out perhaps the members of the Cabinet. This man was a Virginian, that man was a Carolinian, and, sandwiched in with them, one in a dozen, was some Northern man with Southern principles, but who would have called himself a New Yorker or a Michigan man, while his own successors in office to-day would say gladly and proudly that they are Americans.

Ash Wednesday

By Mabel Earle

"Enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray."—Matt. vi. 6.

The door is shut.

After long days of distance I have come,
Kneeling to clasp Thy feet and hold them fast:
Loose thou the lips that long have waited dumb,
Unseal these aching eyes in tears at last.
Darkness and doubt have barred me from Thy face;
Now have I barred my door to all but Thee:
Here in the shadow let me find Thy grace.
O Christ of God! be pitiful to me.

The door is shut.

Lord, I have sinned. The ways were all so sweet,
So fair the flowers I chose to call them mine,
So strong the staff I took to help my feet,
So dear the love that held my heart from Thine.
The broken reed I leaned on pierced my hand;
O Christ! Thy hands were pierced one day for me.
Love failed me, fainting in a desert land;
Thine was the Love thorn-crowned on Calvary!

The door is shut.

Lord, wast Thou waiting, waiting all the days?
O patient in Thy pity, pity me!
Lord, hast Thou come down all the desert ways
To find the wandering heart that cried to Thee?
My hands reach out and clasp Thy garment white,
My tears in rain upon Thy feet are shed;
O pardon, in that patience infinite,
And lay Thy hands of healing on my head!

The Condition of Women in Cuba

By Frederic M. Noa

AT the second National Conference of Charities and Correction held in Santa Clara City, Cuba, in 1903, the degraded condition of woman in that fair island was most eloquently and ably treated by the eminent Dr. Ramón M. Alfonso, Secretary of the Special Commission of Hygiene. Since then her cause has found a most earnest advocate in the Havana newspaper "La Discusión," which is arousing public interest and co-operation in the matter.

The Cuban woman certainly deserves to be lifted out of the swaddling-clothes to which centuries of Spanish and Moorish seclusion have condemned her. She

is a most interesting personality, and, whether white or colored, educated or ignorant, wealthy or poor, has a natural charm, grace, and dignity which are peculiarly her own. She is extremely affectionate, and makes an ideal wife and mother, except that too often her very affection renders her excessively indulgent to her children, whom she is apt to spoil.

The majority of the women of Cuba belong to the Caucasian race, the white element, mostly descendants of the best stock of France and Spain, constituting sixty-five per cent. of the sex. Much beauty prevails among Cuban women,

many different types being found, such as the tall, robust type with golden and sometimes auburn hair, fair complexions, and light eyes; and, as a striking contrast, the more petite brunette, dark-eyed type of Southern Spanish ancestry.

The Cuban woman possesses native vivacity and brilliancy, and when given a fair opportunity can distinguish herself as much as her more favored and privileged American and British sisters. Under the old Spanish régime not a few attained distinction in various lines of human activity. Among these is the celebrated Señora Marta Abreu de Estévez, one of Cuba's most remarkable practical philanthropists, who, in her active career of more than fifty years, established in her birthplace, the interior little city of Santa Clara, so many free schools, hospitals, and similar institutions that her fame spread across the Atlantic, and the central Government of Spain honored her with a suitable decoration. In music, letters, and art quite a number of Cuban ladies have shown decided talent, the productions of the female poets of Cuba being esteemed among the choicest gems of Spanish literature. Indeed, it is startling to find that, in the beautiful Pearl of the Antilles, just emerging from the darkness and thralldom of the Middle Ages, there should have been born, in the old city of Puerto Principe, Central Cuba, in 1814, one of the most extraordinary literary lights and geniuses of modern times, Gertrúdis Gómez de Avellaneda, who even in her earliest childhood revealed astonishing poetical and dramatic gifts. Removing to Spain when only a young girl of twenty-two, she resided there twenty-three years, and won instant recognition from such severe critics as Juan Valera, José Zorrilla, Hartzenbusch, and the most brilliant literati of Madrid. Besides exquisite lyrical poetry and romantic and artistic novels, she produced great dramas and tragedies, truly Shakespearean and Biblical in their character, which have been repeatedly performed in all the chief cities of Spain before crowded and enthusiastic audiences.

The foregoing instances of woman's achievements in Cuba are, however, ex-

ceptional cases, the great mass of the sex, through unfavorable environment, evil conditions, and inveterate prejudices, being dwarfed, repressed, and deprived of the opportunities for development to which their natural abilities entitle them. While it is true that under Spanish rule the daughters of the highly cultured minority of Cuban aristocracy, and, to a more limited extent, those of the more fortunate of the middle classes of Havana and other large Cuban cities, received a fine education, either in the National University or in the best religious or secular academies of the island, or even were sent to Paris, the masses of the female sex in Cuba were doomed to a grinding struggle for existence and to a dead level of mediocrity, ignorance, and degradation. Hence, to the Cuban woman in general, the American intervention and influence were a godsend indeed; as, for the first time in four hundred years, the gates of opportunity were opened to her, and the regenerating forces of modern civilization could freely penetrate the length and breadth of the island. Nevertheless, the evil effects of centuries of false ideals and conditions could not be swept away in a moment, or even in a few fleeting years. The vast majority of Cuban men have yet to be taught to value and respect the opposite sex at its true worth. Old, ingrained Spanish prejudices still regard it as degrading for a Cuban woman to earn an honorable living by the sweat of her brow, and a mild shock was caused when, at the first National Conference of Charities and Correction of Cuba, held in March, 1902, in Havana, a bevy of Cuban young ladies belonging to the best families, and trained as nurses, not only occupied a prominent position on the platform, but one of them actually addressed the assembled delegates. On the same occasion Miss Mary O'Donnell, then Directress of the Mercedes Hospital, Havana, graphically described the social ostracism and other obstacles a young Cuban woman who is not a nun had to encounter if she ventured to become a trained nurse, declaring, amid tremendous applause, that the truly progressive and chivalric Cuban man ought to respect and prize more highly the

conscientious young woman who earns her living by any honorable calling.

Those who are best informed in regard to the gainful occupations open to women in Cuba realize that they are pitifully few and most miserably paid. On this subject Dr. Ramón M. Alfonso presents some very startling statistics. One can hardly realize that out of the 757,592 women in the island only 60,000, or less than ten per cent., have some form of profitable employment. Looked at from the standpoint of race, 448,042 white women out of 462,926 are deprived of the opportunity to work, and 219,541 colored women out of 268,308. Making all due allowance for children too young to earn their living, there is yet awful and pathetic significance in these facts when one bears in mind that, out of 574,645 Cuban women of marriageable age, only twenty per cent. are married, and there are 62,108 widows. Hence, out of a total population of one million and a half inhabitants, Cuba possesses an extraordinarily large army of unemployed women, stranded in the world, who must depend upon their own efforts in order to eke out an existence. The struggle is rendered yet more bitter because illiteracy is more prevalent among the women of Cuba than among the men.

Under such conditions, what are the occupations open to the average Cuban woman? She may take in washing, competing against laundries already established by men of her own race or by Chinese. By intensely hard labor she may succeed, in the course of a day, in washing and ironing one hundred pieces, usually called a "tarea" or task, and earn seventy-five cents a day in depreciated Spanish silver, that is, about forty-five cents in American money, or \$2.70 a week. As a cook she will fare far worse than a man, receiving a total per month, including her food and lodging, reckoned at thirty-six cents a day, of \$7.20 United States currency. Should she elect to be an ordinary household servant or maid, she will earn eighteen cents a day, or \$5.40 a month, this amount including her food and lodging. If engaged in a cigar factory in Havana, where the best wages are paid, her

"tarea" or task, the utmost she can possibly accomplish in a day, will yield her sixty cents, or \$3.60 a week. As a seamstress or milliner her compensation is even more wretched. For the sewing of shirts, with cuffs and collars attached, she is paid at the rate of thirty-six cents a dozen, and can never finish in a day more than seven; that is, she earns twenty-one cents daily, at the utmost. For sewing drawers she receives twenty-four cents, out of which she must buy her own thread, at three cents a spool. For crape gowns she is paid at the rate of thirty-six cents a dozen. If she engages in making the higher grade of drill pantaloons, of which she can finish two a day, she is paid at the rate of eighteen cents apiece. On the cheaper quality the rate is thirty-six cents a dozen, the utmost she can do in a day. For the lining of primitive Cuban "catres" or beds, a tedious process that has to be done wholly by hand, she is paid at the rate of thirty cents a dozen; but as, with the utmost diligence, she can finish only eight a day, she earns from that source not more than twenty cents daily. She usually does rather better when working on shirts embroidered with frills and narrow stripes, much used in Roman Catholic ceremonies, the compensation for which is thirty-six cents a dozen—about as much as she can possibly do in a day. She does not fare as well if she makes embroidered chemises, paid at the rate of thirty cents a dozen.

This about exhausts the gainful occupations open to the average Cuban woman. Her struggle to eke out a wretched existence might be less pitiful if, at least, the cost of living were cheap in Cuba. Unfortunately, as the writer, after a long residence in the island, knows from personal experience only too well, the reverse is true. Even when one exercises the strictest economy, living there, and especially in Havana, is from three to four times higher than in the United States. Rents are exorbitant and clothing extremely expensive. The former are invariably payable in American money or Spanish gold, or their equivalent; as are also the latter, with some few exceptions in the cheaper grades. There is really nothing cheap

save native fruits and some articles of food. One may imagine what this means to the Cuban workingwoman, who receives her wages in depreciated Spanish silver, the official value of the dollar of Spain being sixty cents in United States currency.

Economically speaking, the Cuban workingwoman finds herself ground to the dust. The sixty thousand of her sex who are struggling to earn bread and butter are forced to compete against half a million men engaged in many varied employments. Hard fate and insuperable obstacles offer her no encouragement. Social conditions are also against her. Few countries equal Cuba in the appalling number of unmarried and widowed women. Less than one-fourth of the total population are married. Only 104,783, or a trifle over twenty-one per cent., of the white women of the island are married, and, of the colored women, 16,501, or virtually six per cent. There are 62,108 widows against 22,959 widowers. Moreover, in Cuba taken as a whole there are 57,613 more men than women, the excess of the former being greatest in Pinar del Rio Province, in the extreme west, and in the central Province of Santa Clara, Havana City and Province being third in this respect. This excess may in part be explained by the great immigration that has been pouring into the western half of Cuba. Generally, in the rural districts, there are a larger number of men than women; in the cities the reverse is true. The Military Census of 1899 shows that, in every one thousand inhabitants in Havana and the other chief cities (that is, in cities having a total population of over 10,000 each) there were twenty women for every man. What is still more detrimental, at the critical ages of fourteen to nineteen, when a human being may be considered able to begin to earn a living, the number of women of these ages is two per cent. greater than the men of the same years.

Owing to the general illiteracy still prevalent in Cuba, two-thirds of the population being densely ignorant, the Cuban workingwoman is rarely fitted to engage in any occupation requiring a high degree of skill and intelligence.

This is a severe hardship, especially in the Province of Pinar del Rio, west of Havana, where the poorest wages are paid, and eighty-one out of every hundred women can neither read nor write. The best opportunity of the Cuban laboring woman is in the cigar factories of Havana, where she receives the best wages (\$3.60) a week, but there is room there for only three thousand of her sex. She therefore generally falls back upon the miserably paid domestic service in families, seventy per cent. of all Cuban women engaged in gainful employment following this occupation.

The women of Cuba are compelled not only to bear the brunt of evil economic conditions, but they suffer terribly from the disastrous effects of the prolonged and chronic civil wars and strife which the American intervention of 1898 happily brought to a close, once for all. Before 1868, when the frightful ten years' Cuban insurrection began, vice and immorality were almost unknown among the native women of Cuba. Prostitution flourished only occasionally in Havana and other Cuban seaports when Spanish dancing girls and other demi-monde from Andalusia chanced to infest those cities like a plague of grasshoppers. The island, as a whole, remained sound, and Cuban women led singularly pure, clean, and virtuous lives. The ravages of war, with all the misery, destitution, loss of life, and destruction of property it entailed, proved ruinous to the sanctity of the family, and the result was that mulatto and negro women, whose condition as slaves rendered them less capable of moral firmness, fell ready victims, through ignorance, weakness, and wretchedness, to vice, and filled houses of ill repute.

The second and last Cuban insurrection of 1895 to 1898 proved another curse to the women of that wondrously fair land, and it was a dark day indeed for them when, in a moment of blind folly, the central Government of Spain recalled the humane Marshal and Captain-General Martínez de Campos, and replaced him with that butcher General Weyler, who ferociously ordered the whole non-combatant and pacific population to be closely confined in contracted

and disease-breeding "reconcentrado camps," where they sickened and died by the thousands. When, at last, American intervention brought permanent peace to the distracted island, the widowed and orphaned could be counted by the tens of thousands.

At the beginning of 1899, during the first three months of peace under the American Military Government, a rigid official investigation was made as to the causes which had led 224 white Cuban women to give themselves up to habitual drunkenness. It was found that 49 of these had lost their fathers, 16 their mothers, and 124 were wholly orphans. The white Cuban woman, hitherto practically immune against vice, was now found too frequently in evil houses. Wretchedness, lack of employment to keep body and soul together, and largely ignorance, contributed to these sad and pathetic conditions; statistics showing that, out of 1,916 slaves of vice, 61 per cent. in the Province of Havana, 78 per cent. in Matanzas, 70 per cent. in Santa Clara and Santiago de Cuba, more than 55 per cent. in Puerto Principe, and nearly 100 per cent. in the Province of Pinar del Rio, could neither read nor write.

Since 1899, according to Dr. Alfonso, throughout the island the vicious white Cuban woman exceeds both the colored and the foreigner. This social phenomenon is extremely significant, and produces a very painful effect. There is scarcely a village of any importance where such virus does not leave its baneful effects. The evil is especially prevalent during the harvesting season of the sugar and tobacco crops, when a large floating population is attracted by the prospect of work. It speaks well for the general healthful condition of public opinion in Cuba that there are many towns and districts where vice and immorality are frowned upon, thus compelling the unfortunate women who seek to ply their trade in those parts to live isolated and shunned by all except the scum of society.

What chance, however, has the fallen woman of Cuba to repent, reform, and once more earn a proper and honorable living by the sweat of her brow? When the authorities place her in a house of

refuge, she serves her allotted time and sentence, and at their expiration is given a change of clothes, set free, and cast homeless upon a cold world. There are no philanthropic societies like those of the United States and other enlightened countries which will stretch out the hand of sympathy to her, give her shelter, and secure her occupation to enable her to live honorably. The result is that she falls back into the pitfalls of crime and vice, perhaps sinking deeper than ever.

In concluding his able analysis of the moral, social, and economic degradation of women in Cuba, Dr. Alfonso suggests a number of specific reforms. There ought, first of all, to be established in those city and rural districts where poor and ignorant women and girls are found special free industrial and technical schools where such branches as book-keeping, writing, commercial methods, typography and printing, bookbinding, and embroidery are taught. The process would naturally be slow, yet its effects could not fail to be ultimately beneficial. Another urgent measure of relief and self-help is the systematic establishment of suitable and well-advertised centers where the products of the Cuban woman's hand and brain could be exposed for sale, something like the Woman's Exchange of Havana, which is accomplishing excellent results, although Cuban ladies of the highest rank have not yet realized their full duties to their more unfortunate sisters; and hence it is chiefly American women tourists who purchase embroidery and other objects of art for which the Cuban woman has such a natural gift and aptitude.

Well-conducted female employment agencies, such as the one already in successful operation under the Cuban Department of Charities, are imperative, and could be maintained at a very slight cost. Allied to these there should be co-operative and other protective societies to watch zealously over the interests of workingwomen and to recommend those who show themselves worthy to the heads of firms and other reputable employers of labor, preference being given to widows, single women, and married women with more than two children, and to women who can read

and write. Such societies could also, by wise action, aid in raising the general standard of wages and in improving the conditions under which Cuban women labor.

Especial efforts should be made to stimulate among Cuban workingwomen the spirit of economy, and there ought to be savings banks where the smallest sums could be placed on deposit at a fair rate of interest. These institutions should, moreover, make provision for insurance, pensions for old age and sickness, and loans at very low rates, something like the *Monts-de-Piétés* of Continental Europe. A few such institutions already exist in Cuba, notably the National Cuban Bank of Havana, which has a department attending to that class of operations.

Concerted action should be taken to secure, through the formation of building associations, reduced rents for Cuban workingwomen, and even for enabling them, through small monthly payments, ultimately to acquire their own homes. This plan is not untried in Cuba, where a workingmen's society, the *Cletcherie* of Havana, has actually succeeded within the last year in building a block of houses in *El Vedado*, the most aristocratic residential section of the Cuban metropolis.

Finally, as the very safety and purity of society in Cuba depends largely on such a measure, there should be proper homes and places of refuge where repent-

ant Cuban fallen women should have ample opportunity to redeem their lives and be enabled to earn an honorable livelihood.

The difficult problem of improving the lot of women in Cuba will require energy, patience, tact, sympathy, and well-directed systematic effort and agitation, and there is a wide field for the exercise of practical philanthropy both through agencies in the island itself and through the co-operation of kindred institutions in the wealthy and powerful United States. The regeneration of woman in Cuba up to a plane where her highest faculties of heart, brain, and hand may be fully and freely developed is even more important than the public sanitation of that beautiful island, which can never attain the truest enlightenment until Cuban women as a whole become as much respected and as useful members of society as are their privileged American sisters. The greatest of her sex in Cuba, the poetess and dramatist *Avelaneda*, has finely summed up the matter in the following trenchant sentences:

"Among nations in which woman is honored, in which her influence dominates in society, there will assuredly be found enlightenment, progress, and true public life.

"In countries in which woman is degraded, nothing survives that is great; slavery, barbarism, and moral ruin is the inevitable destiny to which they are doomed."

Esmerian

A Story Founded on Fact

By an American in Turkey

"The robber has committed only one crime; he robbed, one hundred."—*Proverb*.

ESMERIAN was the teacher of composition in an Armenian school for boys in a Turkish town situated on an extensive plain not far from the Black Sea. His pay was fair, his work congenial, and his relations both with his pupils and with the townspeople were pleasant. At the time he lived in the school, but in the sum-

mer vacation he expected to marry and set up his own home, in which happy prospect he was giving all his spare time to the erection of a house. It was a simple house, but cozy, its walls made warm and weathertight by a coating of sun-dried brick.

The future mistress of this establishment was *Coharig Keffafian*, a girl of sixteen, well reputed in the town for her neat housewifery and shrewd economy.

Two years before, when Esmerian was calling upon her father one day, his eye had been attracted by the girl. She was dressed in full dark trousers and a bodice folded across her plump body. A dark muslin kerchief covered her head, and was twisted into her curly black braids. She was dark and strong-looking, and walked firmly. Esmerian watched her gravely until she passed out of his sight, then turned to his host and inquired about her temper and accomplishments. He wished to talk with the girl, and found himself greatly attracted by her native strength of body and spirit; but, as a teacher, he was dissatisfied with her want of education. Keffaf shrugged his shoulders, but allowed Esmerian to send Coharig to a girls' school at Marsovan. She was to return in July and be married in August.

It was in a mood half dreamy, with his mind as much on the new house and the young bride as on his work, that he sat in his class-room one afternoon in June marking a set of compositions for the senior class. The room was narrow and lofty, containing scratched benches and the teacher's table. The sounds of the boys at play in the bare yard came in through the open window. Esmerian mechanically read through several compositions on the usual subjects: Nasr Eddin Hodja's popular adventures, ornate descriptions of moonlight and deserted graves and gardens of roses, dogmatic discussions on abstract themes—solitude, patience, success. His eye and pencil traveled rapidly over the papers written in fine-pointed writing, always in blue ink. He was a finely built man, tall, straight, and slender. His small eyes were clear and alert. In color he resembled a mulatto, and his close curls and thick lips were also suggestive of negro origin, but his straight thin nose and high forehead denied it.

Suddenly the slow-moving pencil in the long brown hand stopped, and an exclamation broke from the full lips:

"The fool!" he muttered; "how often must I tell him that he must not write such things; he will bring us all into trouble."

He underscored the offending words vigorously, then arose and stepped with

decision to the window. There he stood for a moment looking for the boy whom he wished. Some score of boys were playing a very popular game with knotted handkerchiefs, but they all stopped as Esmerian's clear voice was heard—

"Dikran, I want you."

"Yes, teacher," replied a gruff voice, and a slow, insolent-looking lad slouched to the window.

"Come into the room," said Esmerian, curtly, indicating the door at the rear of the building.

When Dikran entered the class-room he found Esmerian staring, with knitted brows, at a composition which he recognized as his own.

"Dikran," said the teacher, looking at the hulking boy before him, "what can you be thinking of to write such things as this?" and he pointed to the underlined sentences. "Don't you know how dangerous such sentiments are?"

"It is all true," said the pupil, shifting his position, but keeping his eye squarely on the teacher's.

"True, yes, but dare we Armenians say what we think because it is true? All the worse if it is true. The first thing for a man to learn if he would live in peace is to hold his tongue. What if this paper were to fall into wrong hands! Are you so ignorant that you do not know what the results might be? Not to you alone, but to all of us, to the school? Are you willing to endanger the school for the petty pleasure of uttering disagreeable truths?"

Esmerian spoke rapidly, with many gestures. Dikran's eyes dropped.

"I did not think of the school," he said.

"Of course you did not, but you must learn to think. Now, take this paper and burn it—burn it to ashes. Then, when you have done that, I shall feel safe."

The boy looked into his master's flushed face, and, half frightened at his excitement, muttered, "Yes, teacher," and escaped from the room. Esmerian went on with his compositions, relieved to find nothing more compromising than sentimental rhapsodies on black eyes, or descriptions of chemistry classes.

Dikran took the paper to the dormi-

tory and laid it carefully in his trunk, meaning to burn it before he left school, but not wishing to give it up immediately. Just developing into manhood, he had put all his awakening ardor and sense of justice and idealism into that paper. He had written it with trembling, and it was to him what no composition had ever been before, a real piece of original work, an expression of himself. His knowledge of his world told him that his teacher was right, and that such expressions were dangerous, but he could not bring himself to destroy it just now. It was like destroying all his right to self-expression, like recognizing himself a slave. He could not do it now. So the paper lay in his tin trunk among his shirts and his treasured books.

Examination week came on with its usual hopes and fears and certainties, then Commencement week. Dikran was one of the graduates, and in the emotions and thoughts that filled his minutes those last days, the thought of his composition never intruded. At last it was all over, the speaking and the dining and the farewells; the boys were scattering to their homes. Old Mariam had offered to do Dikran's packing for him, and amid dropping tears for her pet boy, for whose clothes she had cared these five years, she folded his simple wardrobe, and all unconsciously laid the corrected theme in the tray.

When the students were gone, Esmerian drew a long sigh of relief. Putting on his fez, he escaped from the almost deserted building and walked down the narrow, stone-paved streets to his little house. There it stood, practically completed. He opened the door and entered the square front room. In a week Coharig would come home; the school at Marsovan was just closing. And after a month, one short month, they would come to this little house and have their own home. No more living in a boarding-school; no more sleeping on a raised platform in a dormitory where you can overlook a room full of sleeping boys; no more eating at long wooden tables, and serving twenty hungry boys before you can take any food yourself; no more tramping of feet overhead when you wish to read, and knocks at your

class-room door (your only privacy) when you need to write. No, but instead these cozy, quiet rooms, a round table with Coharig's strong face opposite you as you ate her delicious food; peace and companionship and home. To Esmerian's imagination these rooms were no longer empty, but bright rugs lay on the floor, curtains hung at the windows, a flower bloomed in the casement, divans filled the corners of the rooms. The summer twilight had set in before Esmerian could tear himself from these delightful visions and go to his bed in the now empty dormitory.

At noon on the second day after Commencement, the director of the school, Hohannes Effendi Muggerditchian, was seated at dinner with Esmerian, the only teacher left in the house, when they were startled by a wild apparition. It was old Mariam, who rushed into the room with white face and trembling limbs.

"Aman! aman!" she cried, shrilly. "The police have taken him! He has gone to prison! Aman! aman!"

Her terror infected the two men, and the word "prison" seized their nerves like an electric shock; but Muggerditchian, mastering his fears, cried sharply, "Him? who? who has gone to prison? Speak, woman," for Mariam had thrown her apron over her head and was crying hysterically.

"Aman, aman! it is Dikran," she wailed. "My poor boy, God have pity on him!" and her sobs broke out afresh.

Esmerian turned deadly pale. He clutched the wailing woman by the wrist, tearing her apron from her face.

"Where is he?" he asked, hoarsely. "Tell me, tell me!"

It was some time before the men, icy fear clutching their hearts, could get her story from the excited woman, but at length they were able to gather that as she had taken her pails to the fountain and was waiting for them to be filled, she had seen a group of Turkish zaptiehs coming towards her. At first she thought to run away, with the fear that all Christian women have of Turkish soldiers, but became rooted to the spot when she saw the white, drawn face of Dikran in their midst; his hands and feet were chained, and the soldiers struck at him

as he shuffled along. He had given her one piteous look, but had not opened his mouth, and soon they turned the corner toward the prison and were out of sight. She had not dared to ask any questions, but had seized her half-filled pails and hurried home.

Another servant now rushed in to tell what he knew of the disaster. It was reported that Dikran had started for his home in a neighboring village, and when his trunk was searched (as is usual upon entering or leaving a town) a dreadful paper was found—Bogas did not know what it was, but it was certainly revolutionary—and Dikran's things had been seized, and he had been marched back to this town to be thrown into prison as a dangerous conspirator. "Aman, poor lad!" said Bogas, "they had whipped him already," with a shudder of recollection. "It will be strange if he ever sees his mother again, poor lad!"

"Ouf, the poor mother! God pity her!" cried Mariam, weeping aloud.

Esmerian had fallen into a chair and covered his face with his hands. Muggerditchian stood rigidly upright. A groan escaped from Esmerian's clenched teeth; the director looked at him sharply.

"You know something of this paper."

Esmerian struggled to speak; at length, with contorted face, he gasped out, "It was a composition—I told him to destroy it. O God, that I did not destroy it myself!"

Muggerditchian started. "Then it was written in the school. My God, we are ruined!" He groaned; then, pulling himself together, cried, "Up! Into every room. Destroy every paper in the building; destroy books, writing, everything. They will be here to search."

It was difficult to use the terror-stricken servants; but the two teachers went rapidly through the building, destroying all compositions, note-books, and letters, that when search was made nothing that could be tortured into containing a revolutionary tendency should be found. Under the stimulus of the work Esmerian's brain grew clear, and he was able to tell the director of the paper—just a boy's daring utterance it had been, a few burning words meant to reach no eyes but his teacher's. "The

sort of thing we never say aloud," said his teacher, bitterly; "but such a little thing!"

They were none too soon with the work of destruction, for before afternoon was well advanced the police were ransacking the building; but nothing compromising was found. With fear and rage in his heart, and a servile smile on his lips, Muggerditchian watched them go over his house. At length they seemed satisfied that there were no papers concealed anywhere, and he permitted the sickly smile to fade from his face as the tenseness of the danger was relieved.

They stood in the broad central hall, and the leader of the search party pulled out the "revolutionary document"—a boy's scribbled composition. Looking over it carefully, he said:

"But there has been an accomplice," pointing to the corrections on the paper and the underlining of the fatal words. "Where is the man who wrote this?" He looked up, at the dull thud of a heavy body falling to the floor. Esmerian had fainted.

Neither Dikran nor Esmerian was kept long in the prison of the town where the arrests were made. Dikran was led forth the next day and was marched over the burning plains, he on foot, limping, and dragging his heavy chains after him, while his guard rode, and freely administered the lash when he faltered. Whither he went no one dared ask. They never looked upon his face again; and, in the dread of sharing his horrible fate, no one ventured to whisper his name. His vigorous young life was blotted out. How long he existed and what tortures he suffered only his jailers could tell. Esmerian was soon after removed to Constantinople and imprisoned in a dark dungeon.

They told the sad news to Coharig as she came home from Marsovan with some other girls of the town. She received the story with the quiet of sudden and overwhelming despair. There was nothing to do, nothing to hope. For a day she was as though stunned, then she gave way and took to her bed. The curse of her people bit into her soul, and her moral loathing became physical

illness. When she got up from her bed, her independent carriage had lost its uprightness, her chin seemed to have grown more retreating; she was as one who has assumed the badge of the slave. There would be no other hope of marriage for her; she had no dowry, and the fate of Esmerian would cling to her like a foul odor. So she took up her household drudgery once more, and put away her books; why should she read and think?

Two years passed, and Esmerian was still in prison. He had not given way to despair with the ease with which Armenians usually become its prey; he had some influential friends among Europeans, and for some months had hoped against hope that some effort of theirs would bring him freedom. An educated man, he had a full mind to fall back on, and his energy in bringing out his intellectual resources to save himself from idiocy was marvelous. Twice his prison was changed, and the change helped him from sinking into lethargy. Once he was confined with a companion for a brief time, then the awful blank of solitary confinement ate out his soul, and all hope failed.

One day—or was it night? the windowless dungeon gave him little means of knowing—the door of his cell opened

and two Turks stood before him. He did not look up, but sat with his head bowed on his breast.

"Stand up," they bade him.

He rose stiffly.

"Come with us."

They blindfolded him and led him out of the cell, out of the prison itself, as a cold, clear current of air against his trembling body told him. They walked, the three, he could not tell how far; his tottering limbs, unused to exercise, could hardly support him. At length they stopped and undid the bandage about his eyes. Gradually he was able to see. He was out-of-doors, in the street—yes, alone! the men were gone, and, could it be—his heart beat sickeningly with the rush of hope—was he at liberty? He looked about him with clearing eyes. He was standing before the American Bible House in Stamboul, alone and free! Broken and bowed, his face covered with a heavy beard, his hair hanging about his shoulders, he entered the Bible House, and was received as one risen from the dead.

His release was never explained. There were rumors of a European diplomat who incidentally, in furthering the plans of his government, had inquired, "By the way, where is that Esmerian?" But more was never known.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

A B C of Bee Culture (The). By A. I. Root. Revised by E. R. Root. (100th Thousand.) Illustrated. The A. I. Root Co., Medina, Ohio. 6½×9¾ in. 490 pages. \$1.20.

A work of high value to all engaged in this fascinating pursuit. It is a cyclopædia in form and arrangement, is fully illustrated, and the present edition has been so thoroughly revised as to be practically a new book. There is nothing more comprehensive and satisfactory obtainable on this subject.

Adam Clarke: A Story of the Toilers. By Henry Mann. Popular Book Company, New York. 4½×7½ in. 280 pages.

A highly emotional narrative of life in mill, foundry, and mine, recounting the vicissitudes of a family of British immigrants in their efforts to earn a living in the United States. As a novel the work calls for no

consideration, but it is deserving of attention as an obviously sincere attempt to present the grievances and sufferings of the poor in a manner that will quicken sympathy to action. Unfortunately, as is too often the case with books of this sort, the writer, through ignoring the reverse side of the shield and through undoubted exaggeration, tends to repel rather than attract the thoughtful reader, and to inflame rather than broaden the thoughtless. His attitude is essentially that of the ultra "America for Americans" unionist, with all too little regard to the rights either of the non-union workingman or the employer, and, for that matter, forgetful of the rights of the public. This is the more to be regretted in that Mr. Mann marshals many concrete facts which, presented with more breadth and in a more moderate tone, would have

made his volume a really useful addition to the literature of reform.

Blockaders and Other Stories (The). By James Barnes. Harper & Bros., New York. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 7$ in. 203 pages. 60c.

Mr. Barnes is usually accounted a writer for boys, but there are stories that girls also will enjoy among these thirteen. They are of all sorts—adventurous, amusing, and pathetic—and all good.

Charles Brockden Brown: A Study of Early American Fiction. By Martin S. Vilas, A.M. The Free Press Association, Burlington, Vt. 6×9 in. 67 pages.

Color Line (The): A Brief in Behalf of the Unborn. By William Benjamin Smith. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 261 pages. \$1.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Companion to Greek Studies (A). Edited by Leonard Whibley, M.A. The Macmillan Co., New York. $6 \times 9\frac{1}{4}$ in. 672 pages. \$6, net.

The existing apparatus of college students is here enriched by a long-desired work. It is a book of information, prepared by some thirty specialists, on all subjects coming up in the reading of Greek authors. What Dr. Smith's Dictionary of Antiquities was for students half a century ago this is for those of to-day. In concise form it exhibits the larger and more accurate knowledge gained by recent research, and also treats of subjects not heretofore presented in works of this kind. Here, for instance, is a chapter on Geography, Fauna and Flora, and one on Criticism and Interpretation. Another modern characteristic is the scientific form given to the whole in the analysis and arrangement of the subject-matter. This is admirably done. Details which in a mere dictionary are isolated from each other are brought into their actual relations. The chapter on Private Antiquities illustrates this in its successive sections, viz.: (1) A Table of the Relationships of a Man; (2) Ritual of Birth, Marriage, and Death; (3) Education; (4) Books and Writing; (5) The Position of Women; (6) Dress; (7) Daily Life, Its Surroundings, Employments, and Amusements—in town, in country, in food, drink, etc., Exercise, Games, Baths, Traveling; (8) House and Furniture; (9) Medicine. As a book of reference it is all that could be desired. Its illustrations are both numerous and fine. In this work British scholars have again scored most creditably. In their index of scholars and modern writers Americans are scarcer than the facts require.

Concerning Genealogies: Being Suggestions of Value for all Interested in Family History. By Frank Allaben. The Grafton Press, New York. 5×8 in. 71 pages.

Coventry Patmore. By Edmund Gosse. (Literary Lives.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 213 pages. \$1, net.

A well-balanced and interesting biography of one of the minor poets of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, who is remembered chiefly on account of his once very popular poem, "The Angel in the House." Mr. Patmore was in many ways a very interesting

figure in a very interesting period. His genius was by no means of the highest order, but he had many charming gifts. His personality was of a very unusual kind, and his relations with some of the foremost painters, poets, and writers of his period were intimate; so that Mr. Gosse, in this latest addition to the series of "Literary Lives," has contributed a minor but entertaining chapter to the literary biography of the period. To the criticism that in the wilderness of biographies a life of a man of the minor importance of Coventry Patmore must be brief, it may be answered that this biographical study is a capital example of condensation without loss of interest. Patmore's artistic development, his friendships, his religious experience, and his private life, are skillfully interwoven, and the background of his time sufficiently introduced to relate him to its movements and to many of its chief personages. There is a careful, sympathetic, but entirely clear-sighted estimate of Patmore's poetic gifts and of the value of his work.

De Profundis. By Oscar Wilde. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 123 pages.

Dr. Nicholas Stone. By E. Spence De Pue. Illustrated. The G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in. 252 pages. \$1.50.

Eternal Saviour-Judge (The). By James Langton Clarke, M.A. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 9$ in. 353 pages. \$3, net.

The familiar principle that the proper design of punishment is reformatory, not vindictive, is here applied in a new line of argument to the problem of future retribution. The New Testament sayings about "eternal judgment" and the judgship of Christ are set in the light of the Old Testament representations of judges and judgment as combining both a punitive and a saving function. On this old-fashioned basis of typology Mr. Clarke works out a Biblical doctrine that aims to avoid the objections made severally to the theories of endless retribution, annihilation, and universalism. Substantially, it is a purgatorial scheme. In this the Biblical antithesis to "salvation" is not "damnation," but "judgment," corrective as well as punitive. The argument will specially interest those whose beliefs concerning the future state are based on exclusively Biblical grounds. It has the merit of opening for them a way out of an intolerable doctrine with full satisfaction to ethical instincts.

Etiquette of Correspondence (The). By Helen E. Gavitt. The A. Wessels Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 275 pages. 50c., net.

An excellent compendium, covering everything that pertains to the subject, including chapters on heraldic devices, concerning postal regulations, lists of foreign words and phrases in common use, and an abridged dictionary of synonyms.

Growth of the Manor (The). By Dr. P. Vinogradoff, M.A., Hon. D.C.L. The Macmillan Co., New York. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 9$ in. 384 pages. \$2.50.

It is twelve years since Dr. Vinogradoff issued, in "Villainage in England," a volume intended to open the way to a study of the

subject matter of the present work—the origins of the manorial system of the Middle Ages. Since then, as Dr. Vinogradoff himself tells us, much light has been thrown on this complicated question by other scholars, and notably by Maitland, Seebohm, and Round. Not only, however, do the results of their inquiries demand co-ordination; many phases of the problem remain unexplored. Herein does Dr. Vinogradoff find justification for continuing his inquest, with the result that he has presented a lucid summing up and critique of the fruits of latest research, and has indicated very clearly the direction future investigations should take. There are few subjects of higher interest to the student of English history, or, for that matter, to the student of general history, for, just as the city was the most complete expression of ancient society, the manor, with its Continental counterparts, was the most complete expression of mediæval society. Its roots were laid, however, in a far distant past, and to that far distant past Dr. Vinogradoff takes us, tracing the evolution of English society through the Celtic, Roman, and Anglo-Saxon periods to the coming of the Normans under whom the manor first assumed definite expression as a social and political integer. Perhaps the most striking feature of his work is his demonstration of the validity of the contention that while the Conquest and the subsequent formation of common law were “decisive in submitting society to a system of personal rights and relations,” the ancient communal principles remained alive underneath this system. Scholars will not find it easy to accept Dr. Vinogradoff’s conclusions in full, but all will perceive in his treatise an illuminating contribution to a difficult problem.

Hurricane Island. By H. B. Marriott Watson. Illustrated. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 308 pages. \$1.50.

This is correctly described by the publishers as “an adventuresome story of a mutiny on a German Prince’s yacht,” and it may be added that it has as much fighting to the page as any tale recently published. For literary qualities it is vastly inferior to Mr. Watson’s “Galloping Dick,” but as a lively story of action it is exciting even if improbable.

Iliad of Homer (The). Done into English Prose by Andrew Lang, M.A., Walter Leaf, Litt.D., and Ernest Myers, M.A. (The Pocket American and English Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×5½ in. 326 pages. 25c.

John Van Buren, Politician: A Novel of To-Day. Harper & Bros., New York. 4½×7½ in. 289 pages. \$1.50.

“John Van Buren, Politician,” is a young up-State lawyer, who comes to New York, joins Tammany Hall, wins the favor of Boss “Coulter,” and is sent to the State Legislature, where he is speedily made acquainted with the darker aspects of legislative life. The story of his adventures in politics and of his love-making with a young lady who is chiefly remarkable as the possessor of a “warm, purply, blood-red” head of hair is told in a volume that is a curious combina-

tion of novel and guide to the sights of New York. Were it not for its intimate portrayal of the methods whereby Tammany achieves political success, it would be of little value or interest. The reader will not be long in discovering why the author has chosen to mask himself with the veil of anonymity.

Letters from Tuskegee: Being Confessions of a Yankee. Roberts & Son, Birmingham, Ala. 4½×7 in. 43 pages.

Life of Reason (The). By George Santayana. In 6 vols. Vol. I. *Introduction and Reason in Common Sense*. Vol. II. *Reason in Society*. Charles Scribner’s Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. Per vol., \$1.25, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Message of the Twelve Prophets. By William D. Murray. The International Committee of Young Men’s Christian Associations, New York. 6×8¾ in. 197 pages.

Most plans for devotional study of the Bible have been based either on isolated texts or on texts grouped together “topically,” without regard to the general character of the writing of which they were parts. This well-arranged outline is notable in being a devotional study of prophetic writings as such. The significance which is imbedded in each prophetic book, by reason of the historical circumstances under which it was written, is rightly made the starting-point from which the devotional study proceeds. This is altogether as it should be.

Mother-Light (The). D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 296 pages. \$1.50.

This book places in the suburbs of Trenton, New Jersey, the headquarters of an extraordinary religious cult, something after the Theosophical order. Three hundred pages are devoted to describing its mummeries and the emotions and experiences of a young woman from Ida Grove, Iowa, its chosen high priestess, or “Mother-Light”—a Mme. Blavatsky several times removed, of less generous proportions, mental and physical, but dowered eventually through the mysteries of the new “religion” with far greater “psychic powers,” and immortal youth and beauty to boot. Name of Jersey suburb not given.

Moths and Butterflies. By Mary C. Dickerson, B.S. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. 5½×8½ in. 344 pages.

Musings of Uncle Silas (The). By B. B. Clarke. Illustrated. The American Thresherman, Madison, Wis. 5½×7½ in. 298 pages. \$1.

New York Public School (The): Being a History of Free Education in the City of New York. By A. Emerson Palmer, M.A. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 440 pages. \$1.

Reserved for later notice.

Port Arthur: Three Months with the Besiegers. By Frederic Villiers. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 176 pages. \$1.50.

Mr. Villiers is the most experienced of English war correspondents, and is skilled in picking out among things unessential or uncharacteristic that which has meaning and permanent interest. It is true that this book is, as he oddly styles it, “a diurnal of occurrences,” and that true history is not so written. The full story of Port Arthur will be one of the most important bits of modern history,

and it will not be written in the form of newspaper letters. Taken only for what it claims to be—a picturesque, gossipy narrative of personal observation and experience—the book is enjoyable. Mr. Villiers's account ends about two months before the actual fall of Port Arthur.

Psalms in Human Life (The). By Rowland E. Prothero, M.V.O. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 9$ in. 415 pages. \$2, net.

A new edition of a book noticed in The Outlook for January 30, 1904.

Revelation Rediscovered (The): An Extract from the Stairway to Our Creator and Father. By John C. C. Clarke, D.D. G. P. Clarke, Upper Alton, Ill. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 358 pages. 40c.

Dr. Clarke considers that "the Apocalypse is the masterpiece of theology, and of revelation, and of composition." The labor which he undertakes in this view of it to exhibit its symbolism deserves praise for its ingenuity, blended with regret for its futility.

Revival Thermometer (The). By William P. Pearce. The United Brethren Publishing House, Dayton, Ohio. 5×8 in. 311 pages. \$1.25.

Right Life and How to Live It (The). By Henry A. Stimson. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in. 256 pages. \$1.20, net.

Dr. Stimson makes a helpful contribution toward the strengthening of a weak point in our educational system. Viewing education as preparatory to effective life, the ethical preparation it gives is confessedly not as good as it might be. How to impart such preparation is for many a serious question. Dr. Stimson answers it in this volume, whose short chapters serve as outlines capable of ample expansion by a good teacher, and as material for profitable discussion with his pupils. The outlook is comprehensive, on one hand including the fundamental problems of thought simply put, and on the other dealing with the social problems of the day. That a book intended for young people contains a chapter on "The Sin of Suicide" is strikingly significant of present conditions. Dr. Stimson has compressed much into small compass, and expansion in a few points seems desirable, as in the chapter on God, where the National confession, "In God We Trust," naturally invites what he forbears to add. A chapter on Ideals should find place in such a work, and the chapter on Feelings requires fuller treatment—not, indeed, with reference to special feelings, but rather in a point that has been overlooked, the value of right feeling in general. In the objects of feeling, and the strength of feeling toward them, lies the difference between the noblest and the basest types of humanity. To rationalize the life of feeling is indeed the main task of self-culture and of the education that helps toward it.

Slanderers (The). By Warwick Deeping. Harper & Bros., New York. $4\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ in. 384 pages. \$1.50.

A present-day romance, which, for all its anæmic intrigue and offensive modern smart vulgarity in spots, is enveloped in an atmosphere of the weirdest "early English" vari-

ety. How shall one approach a book the hero of which is "mobile, impressionable, sensitive as dew swinging on the gossamer of a spider's web," "quick and virile, strung to the tense tones of beauty, red and blithe with the blood of June," and "from whose lips, as he broods, sonnets fall"? In the face of such lavish language as Mr. Deeping's, squandered on a mere masculine type, the humble reviewer is struck dumb, and may be pardoned if such a spendthrift example warns him to the extreme of miserliness in expressing an opinion.

Senator (The): A Threnody. By Henry Christopher McCook, D.D. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in. 243 pages.

Studies in General Physiology. By Jacques Loeb. (Decennial Publications. Vol. XV. Part I.—II.) The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. $6 \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ in. \$7.50.

Studies in the Life of Jesus Christ. By Edward I. Bosworth. The International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations, New York. $5\frac{1}{4} \times 8\frac{1}{4}$ in. 259 pages.

In two parts: the first based on the synoptic Gospels, following Mark with supplementary references to the other two Gospels; the second based on the fourth Gospel, well planned, neglectful neither of the historical growth of Judaism nor of the literary character of the different Gospels.

Traveling Man as I Found Him (The). By a Hotel Stenographer. Illustrated. W. D. Hord Co., Indianapolis, Ind. $4 \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in. 169 pages.

War Between the Union and the Confederacy and Its Lost Opportunities (The). By William C. Oates. (Fifth Thousand.) Illustrated. The Neale Publishing Co., New York. $5\frac{1}{2} \times 9$ in. 808 pages. \$3.

This is chiefly of interest to military students of the Civil War as a criticism of the action of President Davis of the Confederacy, the Confederate Congress, and Confederate general officers in the field, with the object of showing that under other management the South might have won. It includes a history of the Fifteenth Alabama Regiment, which took part in forty-eight battles.

Wedding of the Lady of Lovell and Other Matches of Tobiah's Making (The). By Una L. Silberrad. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in. 310 pages. \$1.50.

One of the half-dozen tales in this volume—"Priscilla's Maying"—appeared originally in The Outlook a year or two back. Those who recall it will agree that it is worth a second reading, and be ready to indorse the same judgment on the others. In all five they will find renewed pleasure in continuing the acquaintance of that godly man—Tobiah the Dissenter.

White Terror and the Red (The). By A. Cahan. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. $5 \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ in. 430 pages. \$1.50.

Mr. Cahan's short stories had prepared us for a grimly realistic novel, but we had not altogether expected such a well-constructed, forceful, and ably sustained piece of work as his "The White Terror and the Red" turns out to be. Dealing with the tragic events of twenty-five years ago, the assassination of

Czar Alexander II. by the Nihilists and the anti-Semitic outburst that followed his death, it appears at the "psychological moment" when all the world sees Russia again a maelstrom of terrorism. Mr. Cahan writes from practical knowledge of his subject, and his book serves to make clear at once the aspirations of the revolutionists, the fatuity and incapacity of official Russia, and the attitude to the revolutionary cause of that most persecuted of peoples, the Russian Jew. Himself a victim of the "White" terror and an adherent of the "Red," Mr. Cahan writes with exemplary restraint, and has given us a picture of Russian conditions which we may accept as essentially correct. He has, moreover, told a story that is of interest throughout, peopling his narrative with a multitude of carefully drawn characters, from the Czar himself to the most wretched but intensely human inhabitant of the Ghetto. Barring an occasional slip in the way of putting Ameri-

can slang into the mouths of his dramatic personæ, his work is, as we have said, of no small merit from the purely literary standpoint, and should earn for the author an appreciative audience.

Year's Wandering in Bible Lands (A). By George Aaron Barton, Ph.D. Illustrated. Ferris & Leach, Philadelphia. 5x8 in. 276 pages. \$2, net.

This volume is made up of letters written home by the accomplished scholar, Director of the American School of Oriental Research in Palestine, whose experiences it relates. Its fine and numerous illustrations give it special value as a pictorial companion book to the Bible.

You Can Search Me. By Hugh McHugh. Illustrated. The G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 4x7 in. 119 pages. 75c.

Another "John Henry" book, slangy, rather vulgar, funny for those who like the cheaply comic.

Correspondence

Letters addressed to the Editors of The Outlook, to receive any attention whatever, must in all cases be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Names will not be published if a request to that effect is made by the writer, but no attention, either personal or editorial, can be paid to anonymous communications.

Football and College Life

I.—A Side Light From an Unexpected Quarter

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I am Hausmutter in a large Southern university, where we pride ourselves on our 'varsity football team, and I think a few facts from one of the "insiders" might not be out of place.

When our boys are not well or are smoking too much, or sitting up too late, eating indigestible food, too lazy to keep up gymnasium work, too dull to study, with what eagerness do we look forward to the training season for football! Within a week what a difference! No smoking, "early to bed, early to rise," football diet, enthusiastic "gym" work, clear brains for study, the steadfast look in the eyes that comes from self-control and concentrated purpose. The very orders of the football field become the source of daily inspiration of life. When a boy tries to inspire a younger brother to attack a difficult lesson, what possible words would be as potent as "Buck the center, kid; don't be a quitter!"

Boys at other times called "goody-goody" come to the front as fierce tackles, and every "goody" word they say afterwards carries weight and influence. A meek, mild fellow comes to my sitting-room with the request: "Hausmutter, do try your powers of persuasion on MacCartney to induce him to play ball." I naturally ask "Why?" as MacCartney is light-weight and could only be a weak member of the second team.

"Why, don't you know, with all your ex-

perience of boys, that he is going to break loose soon, and then smash for him."

"He's the hardest student in his class," I object.

"Just the very reason why," he answers. "Boys' nature is all the same. With such hard study the strain is too great and the snap must come. Not like it does in men, in nervous breakdown; in boys it becomes nervous break out. The boy, like the public, 'muth be amused;' and when the snap comes, we go to the football field and work it off, or if not there, we go where we can 'get a little game on,' or where 'a tonic' is to be had. Then comes suspension or expulsion. Do try to get him to go in for the scrubs."

"But he had a hemorrhage years ago, and he promised his mother not to play."

"Well, I'm sorry, but he's sure a goner." And he was.

When we gather by the evening fire there's sometimes an experience meeting. On one occasion football was the theme. One of the most aggressive players, "a lion on the line," a boy of unflinching moral purpose, an almost brutal frankness on the side of right, and a tower of strength physically and morally in every good work, led the talk. "Did you know, Hausmutter, I was no end of a coward before I played football?" A groan of derision went round the fire.

"It's solid fact. I was always so big no boy of my age thought of attacking me, and I never was hazed. But I absolutely dreaded a collision with any one who differed from me, and without football I'd have sneaked along through life. But football gave me courage, and I'm glad to say I do enjoy

playing on the weaker side and tackling a bigger man and carrying things with a rush."

"Whew! hand over your trumpet, please; we'll blow it for you," say two or three juniors.

Then a theologian, who is thought to be one of the most spiritually-minded of men, but who is a splendid center rush, too, says: "Well, let others abuse football as they please, all I reply is, that I *need* it." And so the conference ended.

AN INSIDER.

II.—An Ex-Football Player's View

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The recent utterance of President Eliot and your recent article by Professor Paul van Dyke *in re* football brings to the forefront a question which calls for long, loud, and assiduous agitation. The opinions which a "country parson" may or may not hold can make no material difference in the solution of a question of such far-reaching importance, but the facts which he gathered while on the firing line may shed some light on the subject.

In order to establish my qualifications for speaking on this subject, a little autobiographical sketch may not be out of place. I began to play football when fifteen years old, under the instructions of a graduate of a university in Pennsylvania. This was during my academy days. During the senior year of my academy course I received injuries which still bother me and which, for the time, threatened to forbid my ever taking part in athletics again. During my university course I was afraid to try for the 'varsity because of the dire effects my doctor had said would follow any such attempt. Still, I had had a taste and could not quite be a total abstainer, so played quarter-back on the class team. I also helped to represent the university in tennis, and caught some (also muffed some) for the class baseball team. I have also taken great delight in basketball, handball, and have done a little on the track. By the time I had reached the seminary I supposed I was past all my foolish days; that I had become a man and put away childish things. But shortly the "old man" reasserted himself, and I soon had on a suit. But increasing age had given me a little common sense and I refused to do all of the foolhardy things the coaches asked of me. The result was that I made only "sub" the first year. The second year I had gotten some of my dare-devil spirit back into me and I was starting the season with very flattering prospects, so I was informed, when my left foot was nearly twisted off and I was kept in bed for two weeks, then wheeled to classes on an invalid's chair (think of the humiliation) for ten days, and for the rest of the fall was on crutches. And I still have that ankle. For the last fifteen years I have been intimately acquainted with football. When not in the game I have been among the most enthusiastic "rooters." I have always been among those who felt that it was necessary for them to be on the "side lines" every afternoon in order that the athletic interests of the school

should not suffer from apathy. I have had opportunity to observe the playing of teams from Cornell University on the East to the University of Kansas on the West, the University of Michigan on the North to the University of Ohio on the South. In short, I have been a worshiper at the shrine of football.

Last fall I was put to a practical test of what I really believed about the game. Soon after coming to this village, the boys of the high school asked me to coach their team. It was a great temptation. I had the time and the inclination, for the flesh is weak. I saw an excellent opportunity to make myself popular with the boys. But after a day's consideration I refused the proffered post of honor, and gave the following reasons:

1. If I had a boy of my own, old enough, I should not allow him to play the game. I have no right to teach the boys of others what I would not teach my own.

2. I am inclined to think that it is wrong (a sin) to play the game.

Why do I hold these views? Surely I cannot be charged with being an "old fogey;" of never having seen the game; of talking about something inadvisedly. I hold these views because (1) no man was ever benefited by football, physically, who would not have received infinitely more benefit in some less strenuous form of athletics and with the chances for injury infinitely decreased; (2) no man ever received any true mental development from the game, while large numbers have had their brains knocked out; (3) it is absolutely absurd to say that any man ever received one iota of moral benefit from the game. But these are still mere opinions. Are they tenable, justifiable? I hold them because of the following facts:

1. With the exception of the Pennsylvania man above mentioned, I have never known a coach who hesitated to tell his men to "lay out" their man if necessary. The game must be won at any cost.

2. The game has a distinct and almost exclusive tendency to develop all that is left in man of the brute and the animal.

3. I defy any man, speaking from personal experience, to show where the game has taught him to be tender (except in spots), sympathetic, or even to respect the rights of others. If he has any of these qualities, he obtained them elsewhere and retained them through his strength of character and in spite of the deteriorating influences of the game.

4. The man will carry the physical habits which he acquires into his mental habits. He will enter whatever vocation of life he has chosen with the idea that the only way to attain success is to trample all others under foot regardless of what is right or wrong.

5. A football game is the worst environment in the world for a man who is seeking after that high ideal known as self-control, unless one holds the view that a saloon in the neighborhood is a good thing for a man who is trying to break off the drink habit.

6. Football, far more than any other game,

has a decided tendency to increase what we all recognize as undesirable habits. To a man who swears, the game wonderfully increases his vocabulary. A man with a tendency to lie will lie quicker and faster to win a point in the game than anywhere else on earth. I have seen good Young Men's Christian Association boys "lying like the devil" to win some slight advantage in the game.

7. Many young men acquire the liquor habit in this game because some of the coaches give their men whisky during the game in order to keep them "keyed up" to the proper pitch. I have seen young fellows who plainly showed the effects of the whisky at the end of the game. I noticed this particularly in connection with a team representing a university whose president recently had an article in one of the guide-books setting forth the moral and ethical value of the game. This same university (at least for the three years I observed it) sent forth one of the worst sets of football men it has been my privilege to see. The difference between the said president and his team was caused by the fact that he was playing the game on paper and the team was playing it on the "gridiron."

8. It is the one game which affords the malicious man an opportunity to injure another without detection. There are many football players who would be in the penitentiary to-day if they had committed their assaults on the street instead of in the "scrimmage."

9. The universal practice of the team on the offensive detecting the weakest point in the opposing line, and then repeatedly hammering that man until it is necessary for the hospital corps to carry him off the field, is an indication of the physical value and moral culture to be received from the game. It is a deliberate and premeditated attempt to disable a man. Doctors tell me that complete physical exhaustion tends to shorten life. How many valuable years of service this game has cost the Nation in the lives of brilliant young men will never be known.

These are a few of the facts which cause me to look at the game as I do. I am not denying that the game is very fascinating, exciting, and popular. So is cannibalism to those who participate. The point I wish to raise is, Is it right? Is it Christian? Does any person imagine that there can be anything of the spirit of Christ in this game? I may be narrow-minded, and I must be a hopeless case, for the college, the law school, and the theological seminary have all had a chance at me; but I should give it as my opinion that Christ would condemn this game from beginning to end. **

III.—A Practical Suggestion

To the Editors of The Outlook:

I have been interested in the game of football for the past thirty-five years. I was born in Blackheath, England, where most of the leading English matches are played, and I have myself been in touch with several forms

of the game. When I went to my first public school, the game was played in such a rough manner that the small boys were not allowed to play with the larger ones, and at Blackheath fractures of legs, arms, ribs, and collar-bones were common until the rules were changed in such a way that from that time on serious accidents were very rare. For some years afterwards I played the Association game and was full-back on one of the strongest teams in the Eastern counties of England.

Later on, when I came to Canada, I found the Rugby game played in the old dangerous, if not barbaric, form, but during my five years' residence in that country the rules were again changed, and, while the game was really improved in the matter of the development of speed and muscle, it was freed from all danger to life and limb.

The whole crux of the matter is in the length of time the ball is held after the one carrying it is tackled. The American rule, like the former Canadian rule, is that the ball may be held till the whole side is massed, and in the mass play that follows are the real danger and the opportunity, as was shown in your issue of February 11, for those foul plays to be practiced unseen. The new ruling required that as soon as the one carrying the ball was tackled and the ball held it must be put "down" and the game proceeded with, whether there were few or many of the side close to the one carrying the ball. This change caused a loose, fast game that depended more on speed and agility than dead weight, and was a far better means of developing all-round muscle.

I am now a minister of the Gospel, but I am as strong a believer in athletic exercise as ever, and the reason I take time to write this letter is that I dread to see a game that has fine possibilities ruled out altogether when, by a slight change of rules, it could not only be rendered perfectly safe, but could really be improved for all reasonable purposes.

I hope that common sense will prevail in this matter.

(Rev.) EDWARD P. OWEN.

Paruna, Oklahoma Territory.

Work Ahead

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The Government is right, but, right or wrong, I'm for the Government.

Believing as I do in our Government, with absolute confidence in the Administration, my conclusions naturally are influenced by these prejudices. The Government should, by proper and wise legislation, be made the arbitrator of all traffic and commerce that is inter-State.

The Government protection and influence over the splendid financial institutions of the land is in accord with my best judgment, and this is the power, properly adapted, that should be placed upon all railway corporations and other mediums of transportation,

and upon all industrial institutions that do an inter-State business. Regulate commerce with the Government as arbitrator and it will stimulate to even a higher degree commercial activity.

International banking must be perfected, with branch houses in all the great commercial centers of the civilized world, before our foreign trade will develop as it should.

American manufacturers are handicapped to-day because our financial institutions cannot reach out and follow the flag in the advancement of commerce. International banking will expand commerce and bring about improved and modern American shipping facilities.

The greatest power on earth is the American Boy, and our great Government policy should improve his opportunities. The wise legislators of the day will not be forgotten, although they will be supplanted by the boys of to-day.

Industrial education should be worked out and a policy recommended that will give every boy an equal chance through our blessed public school system. As a commercial nation we should inculcate the teachings that will help the people. Industrial education properly graded and applied will produce expert mechanics, bring greater efficiency to our industrial institutions, greater happiness to our people, and, in my judgment, do more to destroy corruption and bring about a better and a closer and a more harmonious relation between employer and employee.

COLONEL CHARLES ARTHUR CARLISLE,
A Director of the Studebaker Brothers Manufacturing Co.; President of the American Trust Co., of South Bend, Indiana, etc., etc.

A Solving Ministration

To the Editors of The Outlook:

That recognized church problem existing in many of the smaller town and village communities, particularly throughout New England, is being happily solved in one notable instance by an individual effort which suggests a possible solution for similar situations. The case in point—its locality is unstated through considerations of respect—exists in a community of about two thousand inhabitants. There are three long-established churches in the place, each having its duly proportionate number of adherents. (Doubtless the three congregations might combine with good economic and growthful result, but the era for such combination is slow of approach.) One of these churches, up to a year ago, had been closed for a considerable length of time—by reason of insufficient income and apparent diminution of zeal—save for occasional services held by visiting clergymen.

A year ago it came to pass that a business man in the prime of life, having retired to his country home in the vicinity, a man who has had liberal advantages of travel and culture, began to interest himself in this

closed church. Having reviewed the situation carefully, he asked the church officers and the leading parishioners, as well as the presiding head of the Church at large, for their consent to his assuming charge of the services. This consent was readily granted. Since then, on Sunday mornings, during a year which ends in February, this generous-spirited Christian gentleman has driven, through all kinds of weather, the seven miles from his home to the church, and, as occasion required, has journeyed hither at other times during the week on matters connected with the parish administration. He is absolutely unsalaried, and will accept no compensation. Not only does he conduct the Sunday morning service of prayer and preaching; he also assists in the singing, and, if need arises, plays the church organ. With the aid of his wife, whose ardor equals his, he has re-established the Sunday-school. A picnic party last summer at their beautiful country home, and a liberally devised Christmas tree celebration, have given the Sunday-school children—a goodly number in all—happiness they will long remember. Meanwhile, from Sunday to Sunday, the church-goers listen to able sermons, carefully chosen from the published works of the best preachers, dealing with present-day conditions, helpful in suggestion, reverently and well read.

Such service is cordial to the soul. The ministrations so unstintingly proffered have developed a zealous response on the part of the parishioners. They feel an obligation in the matter of church attendance—an obligation which these fine-natured New Englanders are quick to meet. The attendance has grown from an average of from eighteen to twenty-five in the days when the church had a regularly settled clergyman to an average of from thirty-five to fifty, with a much larger attendance in the summer-visitor season. The regular contributions easily provide for the expense of sexton, lighting and heating, insurance, etc. Mission offerings have materially increased, and the church leader is sure in advance of a response to any suggestion for charity or relief work.

The outreaching, uplifting effect of the unselfish interest of this devoted man cannot be estimated. Is there not in this brief story of ministration a suggestion for parishes and people similarly situated?

E. A. S.

Wellesley, Massachusetts.

Not Father Gapon

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In the note prefatory to the article which appeared in *The Outlook* of February 4 and was entitled "Who is Father Gapon?" you make the following statement: "There has been an attempt made to identify him [Father Gapon] with a Father Vasilieff who was present at the International Jubilee Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association in Boston in June, 1901, as a delegate from the Young Men's Christian Association of St. Petersburg, which was founded mainly through the efforts of Mr. James Stokes.

The identity of the two men seems, however, to *The Outlook*, after a somewhat careful investigation of the facts, to be incomplete, to say the least."

Father Vasilieff has been a member of the Council of our Society since its foundation five years ago; and, when not absent in the Caucasus where he has had temporary charge of a Russian Orthodox church, has quite regularly attended our Council meetings. He has been well known to our directors for some years, and has never either in public or in private expressed revolutionary ideas. I had the pleasure of speaking with him only two days ago, and know for a certainty that he has in no way been connected with the scenes recently enacted in the streets of the Russian capital. The attempt made by the Boston "*Herald*" to identify him with Father Gapon has created great amusement among the members of our Council. Misled, doubtless, by information from a certain "John Baker, of Melrose," who claims to be a Siberian ex-convict, an enterprising reporter connected with the "*Herald*" secured a copy of a photograph of Father Vasilieff which was printed in the papers at the time he was in Boston, and, enlarging it greatly, had it reproduced in the "*Herald*" under headlines in large type reading: "Father Gapon, leader of the unparalleled uprising in Russia, who came to Boston in 1901 for the Young Men's Christian Association Jubilee." As the article in question was sent to me, I had considerable amusement in showing it to our Russian Council, who found the blunder, if indeed it were only a blunder and not a brilliant example of journalistic humbug, most entertaining.

FRANKLIN A. GAYLORD.

The Young Men's Christian Association,
30 Liteiny Prospect, St. Petersburg, Russia.

"An Untenable Claim"

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In your issue of February 11, in an editorial on "An Untenable Claim," you make a broad statement that no Territory has a right to be admitted to the Union. There is no absolute standard by which rights, either of individuals or of communities, can be known. You claim for Arizona the "right to a just government." There are those who would deny this claim, holding that just government comes by grace, not by right. The public conscience will no doubt indorse your claim, but are there not good reasons also why it should indorse still larger claims for the Western Territories—even the claim of a right to Statehood in the Union?

The Nation was established on certain principles; it has been built up on these principles and professes to act upon them; it has established precedents and given public pledges in reference to the Territories. These precedents, pledges, and principles, these habits of government and the public expectations arising from them, ought to have a decisive weight in determining rights and wrongs in the conduct of the Nation

toward the people of the Western Territories.

In 1780, before the United States had any common territory, in order to secure the cession of their Western lands by the several States, Congress set forth a pledge and promise of a policy that would be pursued. Congress solemnly resolved that the lands "which may be ceded to the United States by any particular State shall be disposed of for the common benefit of the United States and be settled and formed into distinct republican States, which shall become members of the Federal Union and have the same rights of sovereignty, freedom, and independence as the other States." Would you say, after that public guarantee, that Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and the other political communities erected in this territory, whose cession and settlement were thus induced, had no right to admission to the Union? Was there no obligation on the part of the General Government? If the obligation existed, was there no corresponding right in the people who settled these Western lands? Gouverneur Morris and others in the Convention of 1787 sought to prevent the admission of Western States without a guarantee that the majority of political power should always abide in the original thirteen States. This policy was deemed both inexpedient and unjust. Would such a policy have violated no rights if the original "partners" had seen fit so to decree? The fact that the Constitution did not so decree, but encouraged Congress to act on its earlier principle and promise, created still further expectations, if not rights, in the Western communities.

In 1803, when we acquired Louisiana, it was guaranteed in the treaty of purchase that the inhabitants of the ceded territory "shall be incorporated in the Union and admitted as soon as possible to the enjoyment of all the rights of citizens of the United States, according to the principles of the Constitution." After that treaty pledge, had Louisiana no right to be admitted to the Union? Was there no obligation on the part of the Nation to open the door to a new "partner"? Josiah Quincy, in 1811, distrusted the capacity for self-government of the "wild men of the West," and he contended that the admission of a State from the Louisiana Purchase, without the consent of each individual "partner" then in the Union, was such a violation of the Constitution as would justify secession and disunion. On what principle was the admission of Louisiana to be determined? On the principle that the Union was merely a "partnership," or on the basis of rights and obligations involved in the principles and pledges of the Federal Nation? If on the former, Quincy's contention was sound; if on the latter, Louisiana had a right to admission.

In 1848, when we acquired New Mexico and Arizona, it was solemnly agreed in treaty with Mexico, quite in harmony with all the principles and precedents of our Government and the political morals of our people, that

the Mexicans and others who should become American citizens in these Territories "shall be incorporated into the Union of the United States and be admitted at the proper time to the enjoyment of all the rights of citizens of the United States, according to the principles of the Constitution." Of course the Nation, through Congress, must determine the "proper time" when New Mexico and Arizona shall be admitted. But have they not a right to a fulfillment, within a reasonable time, of the public pledges made in their favor? Have they not a right to have their admission determined according to the precedents of the past and "the principles of the Constitution"?

Arizona and New Mexico have had a separate political existence for more than half a century, each with a being and a history of its own. It is now proposed that one of them shall lose its identity and its name and be merged with the other, thus making a territorial State inconveniently and disproportionately large. Is it to be wondered at that their people should resist this change? They should be encouraged to resist it. They have as much right to their political existence and to Statehood in the Union as any of the Western communities have had, and, for that matter, as much as any of the "original thirteen." The new condition, of such vital importance to New Mexico and Arizona, is to be imposed upon them chiefly to provide that their people shall have but two votes in the United States Senate instead of four. The smaller number is all that their joint population is said to entitle them to, as if representation in the United States Senate ought in any way to be measured by population. Whether population ought to be taken as the basis of power in the Senate was determined in 1787. It was then determined, and has not since been changed, that representation of Statehood should be the basis of the Senate. Illinois and Texas have no right to complain of the disproportionate power exercised in the Senate by Connecticut and New Hampshire. That is according to the "principles of the Constitution." And I see no reason why the American people cannot trust New Mexico and Arizona to exercise the power of four votes in the American Senate as fairly, as safely, and as worthily as Rhode Island and Delaware.

JAMES A. WOODBURN,
Professor of History and Political Science.
Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana.

In the Great Smoky Mountains

To the Editors of The Outlook:

It was my privilege to spend over two years in the heart of the Great Smoky Mountains as a missionary. I occupied myself with undenominational labor, and believe it to be the most successful in the very remote mountain communities.

The White Rock settlement where I

labored is cut off from the rest of the world, and to a considerable degree left to itself. White Rock peak is five thousand feet above the tides, and marks the State line between Tennessee and North Carolina. Around this peak on the steep side-hills nestle hundreds of cabins, the homes of the mountaineers. Charles Egbert Craddock draws a good picture of their every-day life in her romantic volume, "The Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains."

The furnishings of their homes are few and simple. They are usually the workmanship of their own hands. I have gone into cabins where the bedsteads, chairs, tables, and tray were all made from timber felled in White Rock forest. The usual mode of travel is to walk or drive in a sled with a steer hitched to it. When a religious meeting or any kind is announced the people usually walk, for want of a better way. Mail comes thrice a week to the little Tampa post-office. Very few of the families are able to pay one dollar a year for a newspaper. In regard to the farming land I quote the following from Senate Document 84, Fifty-seventh Congress, first session:

"Some of the slopes that are cultivated are very steep—from thirty to forty degrees—some of them too steep even for the mountain steer and bull-tongue plow, and must be cultivated entirely by hand."

How can we help them? I answer, in more than one way. It is a work in which all who are interested might take part. When I saw so many beautiful calendars on exhibit this year, I thought of the hundreds of poor but honest mountain children who had never seen a calendar. How they would cheer their hearts, create good taste, and beautify their homes! By the help of wall-paper many of the homes could be made brighter, and the looks of things inside the cabins considerably changed. Bibles printed in large type form another demand of this settlement. A little chapel in this destitute field would be a great help, and could be built and painted for three hundred and fifty dollars. An organ would set the children wild to come to Sunday-school, and help to inspire their monotonous lives. Five hundred dollars would support a faithful missionary and his wife for a year in this field.

JAMES D. BURTON,
Membership Secretary Young Men's Christian Association.

Nashville, Tennessee.

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*The Outlook Editors, 287 Fourth Ave
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Yours truly,

L. S. M.

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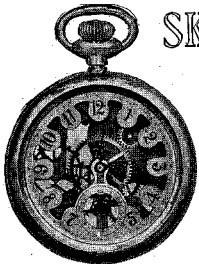
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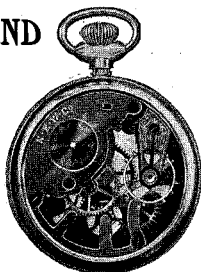
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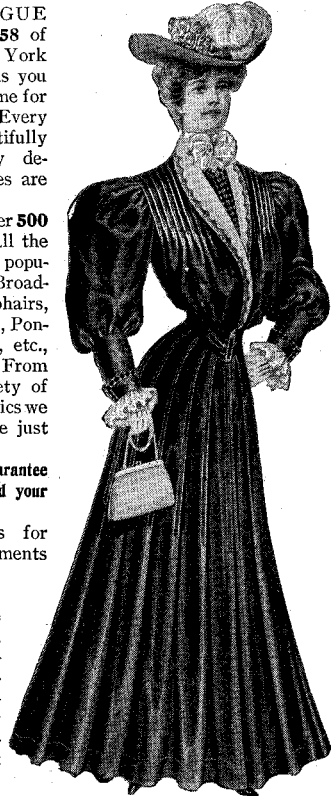
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